

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ROBERT Earl of Huntington,  
VULGARLY CALLED  
ROBIN HOOD.

Being a complete HISTORY of all his merry  
Adventures and valiant Battles, which he,  
little John, William Stutely, and William  
Scarlet, fought on divers Occasions.



GLASGOW:  
Printed by J. & J. ROBERTSON.  
MDCCLXXVII.



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T O A L L

## Gentlemen A R C H E R S.

THIS GARLAND has been too long out of repair,  
The songs that were lost, not less than number four;  
Yet now at last, by an industrious care,  
The ~~sixteen~~ new Songs are made just twenty-four:  
Which large additions much will please, I know,  
All the ingenious yeomen of the bow.

To read how bold Robin Hood, and little John,  
Brave Scarlet and Stutely, bold, valiant, and free,  
Each of them did bravely, fairly, play the man,  
While they did all reign beneath the green-wood-  
tree.

Bishops, Friars, and Monks, with many more,  
Parted with their gold for to increase their store,  
But ne'er would be guilty of robbing the poor. }

T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

*Courteous Reader.*

**I**T is to be observed, that various have been the reports of the birth and parentage of our famous out-law ROBIN HOOD; yet, through industrious care and diligent search, we found him to be the undoubted son of noble parentage; namely, the head-ranger in the North of England: his mother was daughter of the right honourable the Earl of Warwick; his uncle squire Gamwell of Gamwell-hall, as you shall find more at large in the following Songs; some of which have for many years been omitted, but in this edition, they have been carefully collected, and placed in their right order, for the satisfaction of all ingenious yeomen of the bow, and lovers of the memory of ROBIN HOOD, by

Your humble servant,

S——— M———.

I'll send an arrow from my bow,  
And in a wager will be bound,  
To hit the mark aright, although  
It were for forty hundred pound:  
Doubt not I'll make the wager good,  
Or ne'er believe bold ROBIN HOOD.

The

# The LIFE and ADVENTURES of ROBIN HOOD.

- I. *A ballad of bold Robin Hood; shewing his parentage, birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury bull-running; composed for the diversion of old and young people.*

**K**IND Gentlemen, will you be patient a while,  
Aye! and then you shall hear anon,  
A very good ballad of Robin Hood,  
And his brave man little John.

In Loxley town, in fair Nottingham-shire,  
In merry sweet Loxley town,  
There bold Robin Hood he was born and bred,  
Bold Robin of famous renown.  
The father of Robin a forester was,  
And he shot a lusty long bow,  
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,  
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know,  
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,  
With William of Cloudestie,  
To shoot with our forester for fifty mark,  
And the forester beat them all three.  
His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,  
Whom Warwick-shire men call Sir Guy,  
And he slew the great boar that hangs up at the gate,  
Or mine host at the bull tells a lie.  
Her brother was Gamwell of great Gamwell-hall,  
And a noble house-keeper was he;  
Aye! as ever broke bread in Nottingham-shire,  
And a squire of famous degree.  
This mother of Robin said to her husband,  
My honey, my love, and my dear,  
Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwell,  
To taste of my brother's good cheer.  
And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,  
Take one of my horses, I pray;

Before sun-rising, and therefore make haste,  
 For to-morrow will be Christmas-day.  
 Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,  
 And saddled and bridled was he,  
 As also his blue bonnet and a new suit of clothes,  
 And a cloak that reach'd down to his knee.  
 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,  
 They were of a light Lincoln green;  
 The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and make,  
 It might well beseem our good queen.  
 Then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,  
 And dagger on the other side:  
 And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,  
 We have forty long miles for to ride.  
 When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,  
 His father, without any trouble,  
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,  
 For his gelding had oft carry'd double. (bours,  
 When she was well settled, they rode to their neigh-  
 Who drank and shook hands with them all;  
 And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave over,  
 Till they lighted at Gamwell-hall.  
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire,  
 Was joyful his sister to see; (oath,  
 For he kiss'd her and bless'd her, and swore a great  
 Thou art welcome dear sister to me.  
 Next morning when mass had been said in the chapel,  
 Six tables were laid in the hall,  
 In comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,  
 It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all:  
 But no man here shall taste of my March beer,  
 Till a Christmas Carol be sing: (sung,  
 Then all clap'd their hands, and they shouted and  
 Till the hall and the parlour did ring;  
 Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,  
 Were set upon every table;  
 And noble George Gamwell said, Eat and be merry,  
 And drink too as long as you're able.  
 When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,  
 Be merry, my friends, said the 'squire;

It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,  
 And lay some more wood on the fire.  
 Pray now call my little John hither to me,  
 For little John is a fine lad,  
 At Gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,  
 As shall make you merry and glad.  
 When little John came, they all to Gambols went,  
 Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown;  
 What do you think, Why, as true as I live,  
 Bold Robin had put them all down.  
 And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire,  
 Was joyful this sight for to see;  
 He said, Cousin Robin, pray go no more home,  
 But tarry and dwell here with me:  
 Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,  
 Thou shalt be the staff of my age.  
 Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,  
 That little John may be my page:  
 And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,  
 With all my heart, so let it be:  
 Then come hither, little John, said Robin Hood;  
 Come hither, little page to me;  
 Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,  
 And broad arrows, one, two, or three,  
 For when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,  
 Some merry pastime for to see.  
 When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,  
 He winded his bugle so clear;  
 And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,  
 Before Robin Hood did appear:  
 Where are all your champions, said Robin Hood,  
 For still I want forty and three:  
 Then said a bold yeoman, Lo! yonder they stand,  
 All under a fine green-wood tree,  
 As that word was spoken, Clorinda came by,  
 The queen of the shepherds was she,  
 And her gown was velvet, as green as the grass,  
 And her buskin did reach to her knee;  
 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,  
 Her countenance free from all pride;



A bow in her hand, the quiver of arrows  
 Hung dangling down by her side.  
 Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,  
 And her skin was as smooth as glass;  
 Her visage spoke wisdom and modesty too,  
 Suits with Robin Hood such a lass.  
 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away;  
 Oh! whither, fair lady, away?  
 And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck,  
 For to-morrow is Titbury day.  
 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair wander with me,  
 A little with me to yon bower,  
 There sit and rest you, and you shall be sure,  
 Of a brace or a lease in a hour.  
 And as they were going towards the green bower,  
 Two hundred good bucks they espied;  
 She chuse of the fattest that was in the herd,  
 And she shot him through side and side.  
 By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,  
 I never saw woman like thee: (west,  
 And cam'st thou from east, ay, or cam'st thou from  
 Thou need'st not beg venison of me;  
 However along to my bower you shall go,  
 And taste of the forester's meat;  
 And when we came there, we found very good cheer,  
 As any man need for to eat.  
 For there was hot venison and warden-pies,  
 Cream clouted with honey combs plenty,  
 And the servitors they were, besides little John,  
 Good yeomen, at least four and twenty.  
 Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir?  
 And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood;  
 'Squire Gamwell's my uncle, but all my delight  
 Is to dwell in merry Sherwood;  
 For 'tis a fine life, and 'tis void of all strife.  
 So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.  
 But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,  
 If Clorinda would now be my bride.  
 She blush'd at the motion, yet after a pause,  
 Said, Yes, sir, with all my heart.

Then

Then let's send for a priest, said bold Robin Hood.  
 And be married before we do part.  
 But she said, It may not be so, gentle, fir,  
 I must be at Titbury feast,  
 And if Robin Hood will go there with me,  
 I'll make him the most welcome guest.  
 Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, little John,  
 For I'll go away with my dear;  
 So bid my brisk yeomen kill fix brace of bucks,  
 And meet me to-morrow just here.  
 Before they had ridden five Staffordshire miles,  
 Eight yeomen that were brave and bold,  
 Bid Robin Hood stand and deliver his buck,  
 A truer tale never was told.  
 I will not indeed, said bold Robin Hood; come John,  
 Stand to me, and we'll beat them all: (them,  
 So both drew their swords, and cut them and slash'd  
 That five of the eight did fall.  
 The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,  
 And pitiful John begg'd their lives: (counsel,  
 Then John's boon was granted, he gave them good  
 And so they went home to their wives,  
 This battle was fought near Titbury town,  
 When the bag-pipes baited the bull;  
 I'm king of the fidlers, and swear 'tis a truth,  
 And call him that doubts it a cull;  
 For I saw him fighting, and fiddled the while,  
 And Clorinda sung, Hey Derry down.  
 The Bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,  
 And now let's dance into the town.  
 Before we came to it, we heard a strange shouting,  
 And all that were in it look'd madly;  
 For some were on bull back, some dancing a morris,  
 And singing brave Arthur a Bradley.  
 And there we saw Thomas, our justice's clerk,  
 And Mary to whom he was kind;  
 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary, Madam,  
 And kiss her fully sweetly behind:  
 And so may your worships, but we went to dinner  
 With good Thomas, Mary, and Nan,

They

The all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,  
 Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.  
 When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson  
 Of Dubridge, was sent for in haste;  
 He brought his mass book, and bid them take hands,  
 And he join'd them in marriage full fast.  
 And then as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride,  
 Went hand in hand to the green bower,  
 The bride sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,  
 And it was a most delightful hour.  
 And when Robin came in sight of his bower,  
 Where are all my good yeomen, said he?  
 Then little John answer'd, Lo! yonder they stand,  
 All under a green-wood tree.  
 Then garlands they brought her, by two and by two,  
 And placed them on the bride's head:  
 The music struck up, and they fell to dance,  
 Till the bride and the groom were in bed;  
 And what they did there must be counsel to me,  
 Because they lay long the next day,  
 And I made haste home; and got a good piece  
 Of the bride's cake, and so came away.  
 Now alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,  
 That marry'd they were with a ring;  
 And so will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a maiden.  
 And now let us pray for the king,  
 That he may get children, and they may get more,  
 To govern and do us some good;  
 And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,  
 And sing them in merry Sherwood.

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*II. Robin Hood's progress to Nottingham, in which he  
 slew fifteen foresters. Tune of bold Robin Hood.*

**R**obin Hood was a tall young man,  
 Derry, derry, down.  
 And fifteen winters old;  
 And Robin Hood was a proper young man,  
 Of courage stout and bold.  
 Hey down, derry, derry, down.

Robin

Robin Hood, he would unto fair Nottingham, Derry,  
With the general for to dine.

There was he aware of fifteen foresters,  
And all drinking beer, ale, and wine, Hey, &c.

What news, what news? said Robin Hood, Der. &c.

What news fain wouldst thou know?

Our king hath appointed a shooting match.

And I am ready with my bow. Hey, &c.

We hold it in scorn, then said the foresters, Der. &c.

That ever a boy so young,

Should bear a bow before our king,

That's not able to draw one string: Hey, &c.

I hold twenty mark, said Robin Hood, Derry, &c.

By the leave of our lady,

That I'll hit the mark an hundred rood,

And I'll cause an hart to die. Hey, &c.

We'll hold twenty merk, said the foresters, Der. &c.

By the leave of our lady,

Thou hit'st not the mark an hundred rood,

Nor cause an hart to die. Hey, &c.

Robin Hood he bent a noble bow, Derry, &c.

And a broad arrow he let fly,

He hit the mark an hundred rood,

And caused an hart to die. Hey, &c.

Some say, that he broke ribs one or two, Derry, &c.

And some say, he broke three:

The arrow in the hart would not bide,

But it glanced in two or three. Hey, &c.

The hart did skip and the hart did leap, Derry, &c.

And the hart lay on the ground:

The wager is mine, said bold Robin Hood,

If it were for a thousand pound. Hey, &c.

The wager's not thine, said the foresters, Derry, &c.

Although thou be'st in haste,

Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,

Lest we thy sides do baste. Hey, &c.

Robin Hood took up his noble bow, Derry, &c.

And his arrows all amain;

And Robin he laugh'd, and began to smile,

As he went over the plain: Hey, &c.

Then



Then Robin he bent his noble bow, Derry, &c.  
 And his broad arrows let fly,  
 Till fourteen of these fifteen foresters,  
 Upon the ground did lie: Hey, &c.  
 He that did this quarrel first begin, Derry, &c.  
 Went tripping over the plain,  
 But Robin Hood bent his noble bow,  
 And fetch'd him back again. Hey, &c.  
 You said I was no archer, quoth he, Derry, &c.  
 But say so now again;  
 With that he sent another arrow,  
 Which split his head in twain. Hey, &c.  
 You've found me an archer, said Robin Hood, Derry,  
 Which will make your wives for to wring,  
 And wish that you had never spoken the word,  
 That I could not draw one string. Hey, &c.  
 The people that liv'd in fair Nottingham, Derry, &c.  
 Came running out amain,  
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,  
 With the foresters that were slain. Hey, &c.  
 Some lost their legs, and some their arms, Derry, &c.  
 And some did lose their blood;  
 But Robin Hood did take up his noble bow,  
 And is gone to the merry green-wood. Hey, &c.  
 They carry'd these foresters to fair Nottingham, Der.  
 As many there did know;  
 They digg'd them graves in their church-yard,  
 And they bury'd them all in a row; Hey down, &c.

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III. *Robin Hood and the jolly Pinder of Wakefield:*  
*How he fought with Robin Hood, William Scar-*  
*let, and little John, a long summer day.*

To a northern Tune.

**I**N Wakefield there liv'd a jolly pinder,  
 In Wakefield all on a green,  
 In Wakefield all on a green,  
 There is neither knight nor 'squire said the pinder,  
 Nor baron that is so bold,  
 Nor baron that is so bold,



Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,  
 But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.  
 All this beheard three witty young men,  
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and little John, &c.  
 With that they 'spy'd the jolly pinder,  
 As he sat under a thorn, &c.  
 Now turn again, turn again, said the pinder,  
 For a wrong way you have gone, &c.  
 For you have forsaken the king's high-way,  
 And made a path over the corn, &c.  
 O that were a great shame, quoth jolly Robin,  
 We being three and thou but one, &c.  
 The pinder leapt back thirty good foot,  
 'Twas thirty good foot and one, &c.  
 He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,  
 His feet against a stone, &c.  
 And there he fought a long summer's day,  
 And a summer's day so long, &c.  
 'Till that their swords on their broad bucklers  
 Were broken fast to their hands, &c.  
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
 And my merry men every one, &c.  
 For this is one of the best pinders  
 That ever I try'd with a sword, etc.  
 And wilt thou forsake the pinder's craft,  
 And live in the Green-wood with me, etc.  
 At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,  
 When every man gathers his fee, etc.  
 Then I'll take the blue blade in my hand,  
 And plod to the Green-wood with thee, etc.  
 Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,  
 For my merry men and me, etc.  
 I have both bread and beef, said the pinder,  
 And good ale of the best, etc.  
 And that's meat good enough, said Robin Hood,  
 For such unbidden guests, etc.  
 O wilt thou forsake the pinder's craft,  
 And go to the Green-wood with me, etc.  
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,  
 The one green, the other brown, etc.

If Michaelmas-day was once come and gone,  
 And my master had paid me my fee, etc.  
 Then would I set as little by him,  
 As my master doth by me,  
 As my master doth by me.

*IV. Robin Hood and the bishop: Shewing how Robin went to an old woman's house, and changed clothes with her to escape from the bishop: How he robbed him of his gold, and made him sing mass.*

Tune of Robin Hood and the stranger.

**C**OME gentlemen all, and listen a while,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 And a story I'll to you unfold;  
 I'll tell you how Robin Hood serv'd the bishop,  
 When he robb'd him of his gold.  
 As it fell out on a sun-shining day, With a hey, etc.  
 When Phœbus was in his prime;  
 Then Robin Hood, that archer good,  
 In mirth would spend some time.  
 As he walked the forest along, With a hey, etc.  
 Some pastime for to spy,  
 There was he aware of a proud bishop,  
 And all his company.  
 O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then, Hey, etc.  
 If the bishop he doth take me;  
 No mercy he'll shew unto me, I know,  
 Therefore away I'll flee.  
 Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about, Hey, etc.  
 And a little house there he did spy;  
 And to an old wife, to save his life,  
 He aloud began to cry.  
 Why, who art thou? said the old woman, Hey, etc.  
 Come tell it to me for good?  
 I am an out-law, as many do know,  
 My name it is Robin Hood.  
 And yonder's the bishop and all his men, Hey, etc.  
 And if that I taken be,

Then day and night he'll work me spight,  
 And hanged I shall be.  
 If thou be Robin Hood, said the old wife, Hey, etc.  
 As thou dost seem to be,  
 I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide  
 From the bishop and his company.  
 For well I remember one Saturday night, Hey, etc.  
 Thou broughtest me shoes and hose;  
 Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,  
 And keep thee from thy foes.  
 Then give soon thy coat of grey, Hey, etc.  
 And take you the mantle of green;  
 Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,  
 And take you my arrows so keen;  
 And when that Robin Hood was so array'd, Hey, etc.  
 He went straight to his company;  
 With his spindle and twine, he look'd oft behind,  
 For the bishop and his company.  
 O what is yonder? quoth little John, Hey, etc.  
 That now comes over the lee;  
 An arrow I will at her let fly,  
 So much like a witch looks she.  
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then, Hey, etc.  
 And shoot not thy arrow so keen;  
 I am Robin Hood, thy master good,  
 And quickly it shall be seen.  
 The bishop he came to the old woman's house, Hey,  
 And he call'd with furious mood,  
 Come let me soon see, and bring to me,  
 That bold traitor Robin Hood.  
 The old woman sat on a milk-white steed, Hey, etc.  
 Himself on a dapple-grey;  
 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,  
 He rode laughing all the way.  
 But as they were riding the forest along, Hey, etc.  
 The bishop he chanced to see  
 An hundred brave bowmen and bold,  
 Stand under the Green-wood tree,  
 O who is yonder, the bishop he said, Hey, etc.  
 That's ranging within yon wood,

Merry, said the old woman, I think it be  
 A man call'd Robin Hood,  
 Why, who art thou, the bishop he said, Hey etc.  
 Which I have here with me?  
 Why, I am an old woman, thou cuckoldly bishop,  
 Lift up my leg, and see.  
 Then woe to me, the bishop he said, Hey, etc.  
 That ever I saw this day;  
 He turn'd him about, but Robin Hood so stout,  
 Call'd to him, and bid him stay.  
 Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse, Hey, etc.  
 And ty'd him fast to a tree;  
 Then little John smil'd his master upon,  
 For joy of such company.  
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back, Hey, etc.  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 And out of the bishop's portmantle he  
 Soon told out five hundred pound.  
 So now let him go, said Robin Hood, Hey, etc.  
 Said little John that may not be,  
 For I vow and protest, he shall sing us a mass,  
 Before that he go from me.  
 Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand, hey,  
 And bound him fast to a tree,  
 And made him sing a mass, got wot,  
 To him and his yeomandree.  
 And then they brought him thro' the wood, Hey, etc.  
 And set him on his dapple-grey,  
 And gave him the tail within his hand.  
 And bid him for Robin Hood pray.

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*V. Robin Hood and the Butcher: How he robbed the sheriff of Nottingham.*

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar, etc.  
**C**OME all you brave gallants, and listen a while,  
 With a hey, down, down and a down,  
 That are in this bower within;  
 For of Robin Hood; that archer good,  
 A song I intend to sing.

Upon

Upon a lucky time it chanced so, hey, etc.

Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy,

A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,

With his flesh to the market did hie.

Good-morrow, good-fellow, said jolly Robin, hey,

What food halt thou? tell unto me,

And thy trade to me tell, and where thoudost dwell,

For I like well thy company.

The butcher he answered jolly Robin, hey, etc.

No matter where I do dwell,

For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham

I am going, my flesh for to sell.

What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin, hey,

Come tell it soon unto me,

And the price of thy mare, be she ne'er so dear;

For a butcher fain would I be.

The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd, hey, etc.

I soon will tell unto thee,

With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,

Four mark thou must give unto me.

Four mark I will give thee, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.

Four mark shall then be thy fee:

Thy money come count, and then I will mount,

For a butcher fain would I be.

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone, hey, etc.

His butcher's trade for to begin;

With a good intent to the sheriff's he went;

And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their shops, hey, etc.

Bold Robin he then begun;

But how for to sell he did not know well,

For a butcher he was but young

When other butchers no meat could sell, hey, etc.

Robin got both gold and fee;

For he sold more meat for one penny,

Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast, hey, etc.

No butcher by him could thrive;

For he sold more meat for one penny,

Than others could do for five,



Which made the butchers of Nottingham, hey, etc.  
 To study as they did stand;  
 Saying, Surely he was some great prodigal,  
 That had sold his father's land.  
 The butchers slept to jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 Acquainted with him to be;  
 Come brother, one said, we be all of a trade,  
 Come, will you go dine with me?  
 A curse of his heart, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 That a butcher will deny;  
 I will go with you, my brethren true,  
 As fast as I can hie.  
 But when to the sheriff's they came, hey, etc.  
 To dinner they hy'd apace;  
 For Robin was he, and the man that must be,  
 Before them all to say grace.  
 Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 And our meat within this place;  
 A cup of sack so good, will nourish our blood,  
 And so I do end my grace.  
 Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 Let us be merry while we stay,  
 For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,  
 I vow I the reckoning will pay.  
 Come brothers, be merry, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 Let us drink and merrily give o'er;  
 For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
 If it cost me five pounds or more.  
 This is a mad blade, the butchers then said, hey, etc.  
 Says the sheriff, He is some prodigal,  
 That some land has sold, for silver and gold,  
 And now he doth mean to spend all.  
 Halt thou any horn'd beasts, the sheriff then said,  
 Good fellow, to sell to me? (hey, etc.  
 Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,  
 I have hundreds two or three;  
 And an hundred acres of good free land, hey, etc.  
 If you please them for to see;  
 And I'll make you as good assurance of all,  
 As ever my father made me.

etc. The sheriff he saddled a good palfrey, hey, &c.  
 And with three hundred pounds of gold,  
 Away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
 His horned beasts to behold.  
 Away the sheriff and Robin did ride, hey, &c.  
 To the forest of merry Sherwood :  
 Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,  
 From a man they do call Robin Hood.  
 But when they a little further came, hey, &c.  
 Bold Robin he chanc'd to spy  
 An hundred head of right good deer,  
 Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.  
 How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?  
 They're both fat and fair to see : (hey, &c.  
 I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
 For I like not thy company.  
 c. Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth, hey, &c.  
 And blew out blasts three,  
 Then quickly anon, there came little John,  
 And all his company.  
 etc. What is your will, master, said little John, hey, &c.  
 I pray come tell unto me ?  
 I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,  
 This day to dine with thee.  
 etc. He is welcome to me, then said little John, hey, &c.  
 I hope he will honestly pay ;  
 I know he has gold, if it were well told,  
 Will serve us to drink a whole day.  
 etc. Then Robin took his mantle from his back, hey, &c.  
 And laid it on the ground,  
 And out of the sheriff's fine portmantle,  
 He told three hundred pound.  
 Then Robin brought him through the wood,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 And set him on his dapple grey ;  
 O have me commended to your wife at home,  
 So Robin went laughing away.

VI. *Robin Hood and the Tanner; or, Robin Hood met with his match; being a very merry pleasant song, relating the fierce combat between Arthur a Bland, a tanner in Nottingham, and bold Robin Hood, the greatest and most noble archer of England*

Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.

**I**N Nottingham lives a jolly tanner,  
 With a hey down, a down, a down, a down,  
 His name is Arthur a Bland;  
 There was never a squire in Nottinghamshire  
 Dare bid bold Arthur to stand.  
 With a long pick-staff on his shoulder, hey, &c.  
 So well as he can clear his way,  
 By two and by three, he makes them to flee,  
 For he hath no list to stay.  
 As soon as he went forth on a summer morning, hey,  
 Into the forest of merry Sherwood,  
 To view the red deer that range here and there,  
 There he met with bold Robin Hood.  
 As soon as bold Robin Hood did him espy, hey, &c.  
 He then thought some sport he would make;  
 Therefore out of hand, he bid him to stand,  
 And thus unto him he spake:  
 Why, what art thou, thou base bold fellow, hey, &c.  
 That ranges so boldly here?  
 In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a thief,  
 That comes to steal our king's deer.  
 For I am a keeper in this forest, hey, &c.  
 The king hath put me in trust,  
 To look to his deer, that range here and there,  
 Therefore now stay thee I must.  
 If thou beest a keeper in this forest, hey, &c.  
 And hast such a great command,  
 Yet thou must have more partakers in store,  
 Before thou make me to stand.  
 No, I have no more partakers in store, hey, &c.  
 Or any that I do need;

But

But I have a staff of another oak-graft,  
 I know it will do the deed.  
 For thy sword and bow I care not a straw, hey, &c.  
 Nor all thy arrows to boot:  
 If thou get'st a knock upon thy bare scalp,  
 Thou can'st as well shite as shoot.  
 Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin, hey, &c.  
 And give better terms to me;  
 Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,  
 And make thee more mannerly.  
 Mary gap with a wenion, quoth Arthur of Bland,  
 Art thou such a goodly man? (hey, &c.)  
 I care not a fig, for thy looking so big,  
 Mend thou thyself where thou can.  
 Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt, hey, &c.  
 And laid down his bow so long,  
 He took up a staff of another oak-graft,  
 That was both stiff and strong:  
 I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin, hey, &c.  
 If thou wilt but yield to mine,  
 For I have a staff of another oak-graft,  
 Not half a foot longer than thine.  
 But let me measure, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 Before we begin our fray,  
 For I'll not have mine to be longer than thine,  
 For that would be counted foul play  
 I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd, hey, etc.  
 My staff is of oak so free;  
 Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,  
 And I hope it will knock down thee.  
 Then Robin he could no longer forbear, hey, etc.  
 He gave him such a heavy knock;  
 Quickly and soon, the blood it ran down,  
 Before it was ten o'clock.  
 Then Arthur he soon recover'd himself, hey, etc.  
 And gave him a knock on the crown;  
 That from every hair of bold Robin's head,  
 The blood ran trickling down.  
 Then Robin Hood raged like a wild boar, hey, etc.  
 As soon as he saw his own blood;

Then

Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast,  
 As if he had been cleaving of wood.  
 And about, and about, and about they went, hey, &c.  
 Like two wild boars in a chafe;  
 Striving to aim each other to maim,  
 Leg, arm, or any one place.  
 And knock for knock, they lustily dealt, hey, &c.  
 Which held for two hours or more:  
 That all the wood rang at every bang,  
 They ply'd their work so fore.  
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
 And let our bloody quarrel fall; (hey, &c.  
 For here we may thrash our bones to mash,  
 And get no corn at all.  
 And in the forest of merry Sherwood, hey, &c.  
 Hereafter thou shalt be free.  
 Cry a mercy for nought, my freedom I bought,  
 I may thank my staff and not thee.  
 What tradesman art thou? said jolly Robin, hey, &c.  
 Good fellow, I prithee me shew;  
 And also me tell, in what place you dwell,  
 For both these fain would I know?  
 I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd, hey, &c.  
 In Nottingham long have I wrought;  
 And if thou come there, I vow and do swear,  
 I will tan thy hyde for nought.  
 Cry a mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin, hey, etc.  
 Since thou art so kind and free;  
 And if thou wilt tan my hyde for nought,  
 I will do as much for thee.  
 But if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's trade, hey, etc.  
 And live in the Green-wood with me;  
 My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,  
 I will give thee both gold and fee.  
 If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd, hey, etc.  
 As I think well thou art;  
 Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur a Bland,  
 We two shall never part.  
 But tell me, O tell me, where is little John, hey, etc.  
 Of him fain would I hear;



For we are ally'd by the mother's side,  
 And he is my kinsman near,  
 Then Robin Hood he blew the bugle-horn, hey, etc.  
 And blew both loud and shrill;  
 But quickly anon, appear'd little John,  
 Came tripping down a green hill.  
 O what is the matter, then said little John, hey, etc.  
 Master, I pray you tell;  
 Why do you stand with your staff in your hand?  
 I fear that all is not well.  
 O man, I do stand, and he makes me to stand, hey, etc.  
 The tanner that stands me beside.  
 He is a bonny blade, and he's master of his trade,  
 For soundly he hath tann'd my hyde.  
 He is to be commended then, said little John, hey, etc.  
 If such a feat he can do;  
 If he be so stout, we will have a bout,  
 And he shall tan my hyde too.  
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
 For as I do understand, (hey, etc.)  
 He's a yeoman good, of thy own blood,  
 For his name is Arthur a Bland.  
 Then little John threw his staff away, hey, etc.,  
 As far as he could fling,  
 And run out of hand to Arthur a Bland,  
 And about his neck did cling;  
 With loving respect there is no neglect, hey, etc.  
 They were neither nice nor coy,  
 Each other did face a lovely grace,  
 And both did weep for joy.  
 Then Robin Hood took them by the hands, hey, etc.  
 And danced about the oak tree,  
 For three merry men, and three merry men,  
 And three merry men we be;  
 And ever hereafter, as long as we live,  
 With a hey down, a down, a down, a down,  
 We three shall be as one:  
 The wood it shall ring, and the old wives sing,  
 Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

VII. *Robin Hood and the jovial Tinker : Shewing how they fiercely encountered, and after the victorious conquest lovingly agreed.*

Tune of In summer time, etc.

**I**N summer time, when leaves grow green,  
 Down, a down, a down.  
 And birds sing on every tree,  
 Hey down, a down, a down.  
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,  
 Down, a down, a down,  
 As fast as he could dree,  
 Hey down, a down, a down;  
 And as he came to Nottingham,  
 A tinker he did meet,  
 And seeing him a lusty blade,  
 He did him kindly greet:  
 Where dost thou live? quoth Robin Hood  
 I pray thee now me tell,  
 Sad news, I hear, there is abroad,  
 I fear all is not well.  
 What is that news, the tinker said,  
 Tell me without delay?  
 I am a tinker to my trade,  
 And live at Banbury,  
 As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,  
 It is but as I hear,  
 Two tinkers they were set i' the stocks,  
 For drinking ale and beer,  
 If that be all, the tinker said,  
 As I may say to you,  
 Your news is not worth a f—t,  
 Since that it all be true;  
 For drinking of good ale and beer,  
 You will not lose your part.  
 No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,  
 I lov't with all my heart.  
 What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Tell me what thou dost hear?

Being

Being thou goest from town to town,  
 Some news thou then must hear.  
 The news I hear, the tinker said,  
 I know it is for good,  
 It is to seek a bold out-law,  
 Whom men call Robin Hood.  
 I have a warrant from the king,  
 To take him where I can ;  
 If thou can tell me where he is,  
 I will make thee a man.  
 The king would give a hundred pound,  
 That he could him but see ;  
 And if he can but now him get,  
 It will serve thee and me :  
 Let's see that warrant, said Robin Hood,  
 I'll see if it be right,  
 And I will do the best I can,  
 For to take him now this night.  
 That will I not, the tinker said,  
 None with it will I trust ;  
 And where he is, if you'll not tell,  
 Take him by force I must.  
 But Robin Hood perceiving well,  
 How then the game would go ;  
 If you will go to Nottingham,  
 We shall find him I know.  
 The tinker had a crab-tree staff,  
 Which was both good and strong ;  
 Robin he had a good strong blade,  
 So they went both along :  
 And when they came to Nottingham,  
 There they took up their inn,  
 And they call'd both for ale and wine,  
 To drink they thought no sin ;  
 But ale and wine they drank so fast,  
 The tinker he forgot  
 What thing he was about to do,  
 It fell so to his lot :  
 That while the tinker fell asleep,  
 He then made haste away,

And left the tinker in the lurch,  
For the great shot to pay.  
But when the tinker waken'd  
And saw that he was gone,  
He called then for his kind host,  
And thus he made his moan :  
I had a warrant from the king,  
That might have done me good,  
That is to seek a t-ld out-law,  
Some call him Robin Hood :  
But now my warrant and money's gone,  
Nothing I have to pay ;  
He that promis'd to be my friend,  
Is gone and fled away.  
That friend you speak of said the host,  
They call him Robin Hood ;  
And when that he first met with you,  
He meant you little good.  
Had I but known it had been he,  
When that I had him here,  
The one of us should try his strength,  
Which should have paid full dear.  
In the mean time I must away,  
No longer here I'll abide ;  
But I will go and seek him out,  
Whate'er does me betide :  
But one thing I would gladly know,  
What here I have to pay ?  
Ten shillings just you have to pay.  
I'll pay without delay ;  
Or else take here my working bag,  
And my good hammer too ;  
And if I light but on that knave  
I will then soon pay you.  
The only way then, said the host,  
And not to stand in fear,  
Is to seek him amongst the parks,  
Killing of the king's deer.  
The tinker he then went with speed,  
And then made no delay,

Till he found out brave Robin Hood,  
 That they might have a fray.  
 At last he spied him in a park,  
 Hunting then of the deer.  
 What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,  
 That doth come me so near?  
 No knave, no knave, the Tinker said,  
 And that you soon shall know;  
 Whether of us two hath done most wrong,  
 My crab-tree staff shall shew.  
 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
 Made of the trusty steel;  
 But the tinker laid on so fast,  
 That he made Robin reel.  
 Then Robin's anger did arise,  
 He fought full manfully,  
 Till he had made the tinker  
 Almost then fit to fly.  
 With that they laid about again,  
 They ply'd their weapons fast;  
 The tinker thresh'd his bones so sore,  
 That made him yield at last.  
 A boon, a boon, Robin he cries,  
 If thou wilt grant it me.  
 Before I do't, the tinker said,  
 I'll hang thee on this tree.  
 But the tinker looking him about,  
 Robin his horn did blow;  
 Then came unto him little John,  
 And brave Will, Scarlet too.  
 What is the matter, quoth little John,  
 You sit in the high-way side?  
 Here is a tinker that stands hard by,  
 That well hath paid my hyde.  
 What tinker then? said little John,  
 Fain that blade would I see;  
 And I wou'd try what I cou'd do,  
 If he'll do as much for me.  
 But Robin he then wish'd them both,  
 They would let the quarrel cease,

Till



That henceforth we may be as one,

And ever live in peace :

And for the jovial tinker's part,

An hundred pounds I'll give,

In the year to maintain him on,

As long as he doth live ;

In manhood he's a mettle man,

And a mettle man by trade :

I never thought that any man

Should have made me so afraid ;

And if he will be one with us,

We will take all one fare,

And whatsoever we do get,

He shall have his full share.

So that the tinker was content,

Down, a down, a down,

With them to go along,

Hey down, a down, a down,

And with them resolv'd a part to take,

Down, a down, a down,

And so I end my song,

Hey down, a down, a down.

VIII. *Robin Hood and Allen a Dale: or, A pleasant relation of a young gentleman being in love with a young damsel, who was taken from him to be an old knight's bride; and how Robin Hood pitying the young man's case, took her from the old knight, when they were going to be married, and restored her to her lover again.*

Tune of Robin Hood in the Green-wood stood.

**C**OME listen a while, you gallants so free,

All you that love mirth for to hear,

And I will tell you of a bold out-law,

That liv'd in Nottinghamshire,

That liv'd in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the green forest stood,  
 All under the green-wood tree.  
 There was he aware of a brave young man,  
 As fine as fine might be, &c.  
 The youngster was clothed in fine scarlet,  
 In scarlet fine and gay,  
 And he did frisk it over the plain,  
 And chanted a round de lay, &c.  
 As Robin Hood next morning stood,  
 Amongst the leaves so gay,  
 There he did 'spy the same young man,  
 Come drooping along the way, &c.  
 The scarlet he wore the day before,  
 It was clean cast away;  
 And every step he fetch'd a sigh,  
 Alack and well a-day, &c.  
 Then stepped forth brave little John,  
 And Midge the miller's son.  
 Which made the young man bend his bow,  
 When as he sees them come, &c.  
 Stand off, stand off, the young man said,  
 What is your will with me?  
 You must come before our master straight,  
 Under yon Green-wood tree, &c.  
 And when he came bold Robin before,  
 Robin ask'd him courteously,  
 O hast thou any money to spare,  
 For my merry men and me? etc.  
 I have no money, the young man said,  
 But five shillings and a ring,  
 And that I have kept these seven long years,  
 To have it at my wedding, etc.  
 Yesterday I would have married a maid,  
 But she was from me ta'en,  
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,  
 Whereby my poor heart is slain, etc.  
 What is thy name, then said Robin Hood,  
 Come tell me without fail;  
 By the faith of my body, then said the young man,  
 My name is Allen a Dale, etc.

What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,  
In ready gold and fee,  
To help thee to thy true love again,  
And deliver her unto thee, etc.  
I have no money, then quoth the young man,  
No ready gold or fee,  
But I will swear upon a book,  
Thy true servant to be, etc.  
How many miles is it to thy true love,  
Come tell to me without guile !  
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,  
It is but five little mile, etc.  
Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
He neither did stint nor lin,  
Until he came unto the church,  
Where Allen should keep his wedding, etc.  
What dost thou here, the bishop then said,  
I prithee now tell unto me ?  
I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,  
And the best in the north country, etc.  
O welcome, O welcome, the bishop said,  
That music best pleaseth me :  
You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,  
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see, etc.  
With that came in a wealthy knight,  
Who was both grave and old,  
And after him a finikin lass,  
Did shine like the glittering gold, etc.  
This is not a fit match, quoth Robin Hood,  
That you do seem to make here ;  
For since we are come into the church,  
The bride she shall chuse her own dear, etc.  
Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
And blew blasts two or three ;  
Then four and twenty bowmen bold,  
Came leaping over the lee, etc.  
And when they came into the church-yard,  
Marching all on a row ;  
The first man was Allen a Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow, etc.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,  
 Young Allen, as I hear say,  
 And you shall be marry'd at the same time,  
 Before we depart away, etc.  
 That may not be, the-bishop he said,  
 For thy word shall not stand,  
 They shall be three times ask'd in the church,  
 As is the law of our land, etc.  
 Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,  
 And put it upon little John;  
 By the faith of my body, then Robin he said,  
 This cloth doth make thee a man, etc.  
 When little John went to the choir,  
 The people began to laugh:  
 He ask'd them seven times in the church,  
 Lest three times should not be enough, etc.  
 Who gives this maid? said little John,  
 Quoth Robin Hood, that do I:  
 And he who takes her from Allen a Dale,  
 Full dearly he shall her buy, etc.  
 And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
 The bride look'd like a queen:  
 And so they returned to merry Green-wood,  
 Among the leaves so green.

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*IX. Robin Hood and the Shepherd. How Robin Hood,  
 little John, and the shepherd fought a sore combat.*

Tune is, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.

**A**LL gentlemen and yeomen good. hey, etc.  
 I wish you to draw near,  
 For a story of bold Robin Hood,  
 Unto you I'll declare, With a hey, etc.  
 As Robin walked the forest along, With a hey, etc.  
 Some pastime for to 'spy,  
 There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,  
 That on the ground did lie, With a hey, etc.  
 Arise, arise, said jolly Robin, With a hey, etc.  
 And now come let me see,

What

What is in thy bag and bottle, I say,  
Come tell it unto me? With a hey, etc.  
What's that to thee, thou proud fellow. With a hey,  
Tell me, as I do stand,  
What hast thou ado with my bag and bottle,  
Let me see thy command? Down a, etc.  
My sword that hangeth by my side, Down a, etc.  
Is my command, I know,  
Come let me taste of thy bottle,  
Or it may breed thy woe, Down a, etc.  
The de'il a drop, thou proud fellow, Down a, etc.  
Of my bottle thou shalt see,  
Until thy valour here be try'd,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee. Down a, etc.  
What shall we fight for? says Robin Hood, Down  
Come tell it soon to me. (a, etc.)  
Here's twenty pounds in good yellow gold,  
Win it and take it thee, Down a, etc.  
The shepherd stood all in amaze, Down a, etc.  
And knew not what to say,  
I have no money, thou proud fellow,  
But bag and bottle I'll lay. Down a, etc.  
I am content, thou shepherd swain, Down a, etc.  
Fling them down on the ground:  
But it will breed thee meikle pain,  
To win thy twenty pound. Down a, etc.  
Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow, Down a,  
Thou standest too long to prate,  
This hook of mine shall let thee know,  
A coward I do hate. Down a, etc.  
So they fell to it full hard and fore, Down a, etc.  
It was on a summer's day,  
From ten till four in the afternoon,  
The shepherd held him in play. Down a, etc.  
Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence, Down a,  
And sav'd him many a bang;  
For every blow the shepherd gave,  
Made Robin's sword cry twang. Down a, etc.  
Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave, Down a, etc.  
And that bold Robin found;

'Till



'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,  
 Then he fell to the ground. Down a, etc.  
 Arise, arise, thou proud fellow, Down a, etc.  
 And thou shalt have fair play,  
 If thou wilt yield before thou go,  
 That I have won the day. Down a, etc.  
 A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin, Down a, etc.  
 If that a man thou be,  
 Then let me take my bugle horn,  
 And I'll blow out blasts three. Down a, etc.  
 Then said the shepherd to bold Robin, Down a, etc.  
 To that I will agree;  
 For if thou should blow 'till to-morrow morn,  
 I scorn one foot to flee. Down a, etc.  
 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth, Down a, etc.  
 And he blew with might and main,  
 Until he espied little John,  
 Come tripping o'er the plain. Down a, etc.  
 Who is yonder, thou proud fellow, Down a, etc.  
 That comes down yonder hill?  
 Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,  
 Shall fight with thee thy fill. Down a, etc.  
 What is the matter, says little John, Down a, etc.  
 Master, come tell unto me?  
 My case is bad, cries Robin Hood,  
 For the shepherd hath conquer'd me, Down a, etc.  
 I am glad of that, cries little John, Down a, etc.  
 Shepherd, turn thou to me;  
 For a bout with thee I mean to have,  
 Either come fight or flee. Down a, etc.  
 With all my heart, thou proud fellow, Down a, etc.  
 For it shall ne'er be said,  
 That a shepherd's hook, of thy sturdy look.  
 Was one jot e'er dismay'd. Down a, etc.  
 So they fell to it fall hard and sore, Down a, etc.  
 Striving for victory;  
 I'll know, says John, e'er we give o'er.  
 Whether thou wilt fight or flee. Down a, etc.  
 The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow, Down a, etc.  
 With his hook under his chin,

Befhrew

Beshrew thy heart, said little John,  
 Thou basely does begin. Down a, etc.  
 Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd, Down a, etc.  
 Either yield to me the day,  
 Or I will bang thee back and side,  
 Before thou goest thy way. Down a, etc.  
 What dost thou think, thou proud fellow, Down a,  
 That thou canst conquer me;  
 Nay, thou shalt know before you go,  
 I'll fight before I flee. Down a, etc.  
 Again the shepherd laid on him, Down a, etc.  
 Just as he first began:  
 Hold, hold thy hand, cried bold Robin,  
 I will yield the wager won: Down a, etc.  
 With all my heart, said little John, Down a, etc.  
 To that I will agree;  
 For he's the flower of shepherd swain,  
 The like I ne'er did see. Down a, etc.  
 Thus you have heard of Robin Hood, Down a, etc.  
 Also of little John,  
 How a shepherd swain did conquer them,  
 The like was never known.  
 Hey down, derry, derry, down.

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*X. The famous battle between Robin Hood and the  
Curtal Friar, near Fountain dale.*

**I**N summer time, when leaves grow green,  
 And flowers are fresh and gay,  
 Robin Hood and his merry men  
 Were disposed for to play.  
 Then some would leap, and some would run,  
 Some use artillery;  
 Which of you can a good bow draw,  
 A good archer to be?  
 Which of you can kill a swift buck?  
 Or who can kill a doe?  
 Or who can kill a hart of Greece,  
 Five hundred foot him fro?

Will. Scarlet, he did kill a buck,  
 And Midge he kill'd a doe!  
 Little John kill'd a hart of Greece,  
 Five hundred foot him fro.  
 Joy on that heart, said Robin Hood,  
 That shot such a shot for me;  
 I'll ride my horse an hundred miles,  
 To find a match for thee.  
 That caus'd Will. Scarlet to laugh,  
 He laugh'd full heartily:  
 A curtal friar in Fountain Abbey,  
 Will beat both him and thee.  
 That curtal friar in Fountain Abbey,  
 Well can a strong bow draw,  
 He will beat you and your yeomen,  
 Though set them all on a row.  
 Robin Hood took a solemn oath,  
 It was by Mary free,  
 That he would neither eat nor drink,  
 'Till the friar he did see.  
 Robin put on his harness good,  
 On's head a cap of steel,  
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
 And he became them well.  
 He took his bow into his hand,  
 It was of a trusty tree;  
 With a sheaf of arrows by his side,  
 To Fountain-dale went he:  
 And coming to fair Fountain-dale,  
 No further would he ride;  
 There he did view the curtal friar,  
 Hard by the water-side;  
 The friar had a harness good,  
 On's head a cap of steel,  
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
 And they became him well:  
 Robin Hood lighted from his horse,  
 And ty'd him to a thorn:  
 Carry me over thou curtal friar,  
 Or else thy life's forlorn.

He took Robin Hood on his back,  
Deep water did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till on the other side.  
Robin stepped off the friar's back,  
The friar said again,  
Carry me back thou fine fellow,  
Or it shall breed thee pain.  
Robin Hood took the friar on's back,  
Deep water did bestride,  
And spake neither good word nor bad,  
Till on the other side.  
The friar leap'd off Robin's back,  
And Robin Hood said again,  
Carry me over thou curtal friar,  
Or it shall breed thee pain.  
The friar took him on his back again,  
And stept up to the knee,  
Till he came to the middle stream,  
Nor good nor bad spake he ;  
So coming to the middle stream,  
There he threw Robin in ;  
Now chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,  
Whether thou'lt sink or swim.  
Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,  
The friar to the willow wand ;  
Bold Robin Hood got safe on shore,  
And took his bow in hand ;  
One of the arrows in his belt,  
To the friar he let fly ;  
The curtal friar, with his buckler,  
Did put the arrow by.  
Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,  
Shoot as thou hast begun ;  
If thou shoot here a summer's day,  
Thy mark I will not shun.  
Robin Hood shot so passing well,  
Till all his arrows were gone ;  
They took their swords and steel-bucklers,  
And fought with might and main ;

From ten o' the morning of that day,  
 Till four that afternoon;  
 Then Robin Hood came on his knees,  
 Of the friar to beg a boon.  
 A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,  
 I beg it on my knee,  
 To set my horn unto my mouth,  
 And to blow out blasts three.  
 That will I do, said the curtal friar,  
 Of thy blasts I've no doubt,  
 I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,  
 Till both thy eyes fly out.  
 Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew out blasts three:  
 Half a hundred yeomen with bows bent,  
 Came ranging o'er the lee.  
 Whose men are these, said the friar,  
 That come so hastily?  
 These men are mine, said Robin Hood,  
 Friar, what's that to thee.  
 A boon, a boon, said the curtal friar,  
 The like I gave to thee;  
 To set my fist unto my mouth,  
 And whute whutes three.  
 That will I do, said Robin Hood,  
 Or else I were to blame;  
 Three whutes now in a friar's mouth,  
 Would make me glad and fain.  
 The friar he set his fist to his mouth,  
 And so whuted whutes three;  
 Till half a hundred great bay dogs  
 Came running over the lee:  
 Here is for every man a dog,  
 And I myself for thee.  
 Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,  
 Friar, that must not be.  
 Two dogs to Robin Hood did go,  
 One behind and one before,  
 Robin Hood's mantle of lin-green,  
 off from his back they tore;



And whether his men shot east or west,  
 Or whether they shot north or south,  
 The curtal dogs so taught they were,  
 Caught the arrows in their mouth.  
 Take up thy dogs, said little John,  
 Friar, I do pray thee.  
 Whose man art thou, said the friar,  
 That comes to prate with me?  
 I'm little John, Robin Hood's man,  
 Friar, I will not lie;  
 If you take not up thy dogs soon,  
 I'll take them up and thee.  
 Little John had a bow in's hand,  
 He shot with might and main,  
 Half a score of the friar's dogs  
 Lay dead upon the plain.  
 Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the friar,  
 Thy master and I'll agree,  
 And we have new orders ta'en,  
 With all haste that can be.  
 If thou'lt forsake fair Fountain-dale,  
 And Fountain-abbey free,  
 Every sunday throughout the year,  
 A noble shall be thy fee;  
 And every sunday throughout the year,  
 Chang'd shall thy garments be;  
 Or if thou'll go to Nottingham,  
 You shall remain with me.  
 The curtal friar kept Fountain-dale,  
 Seven long years or more;  
 There was neither knight, lord, nor earl  
 Could make him yield before.

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*XI. Robin Hood and the Stranger: Or, his meeting  
 and fighting with his cousin Scarlet. To a new tune.*

**C**OME listen a while, you gentlemen all,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down.  
 That are in this bower within,  
 For a story of gallant Robin Hood,  
 I do propose now to begin.

What

What time of the day? quoth Robin Hood then,  
Says little John, 'tis in the prime; (hey, &c.

Why then we will to the Green-wood gang,  
For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along, hey, &c.

It was in the midst of the day,  
There was he aware of a deist young man,

As ever did walk on the way:  
His doublet was of the finest of silk, hey, &c.

His stockings like scarlet shone,  
And he walked all along the way,

To Robin Hood then unknown.  
A herd of deer was in the bend, hey, &c.

Feeding before his face;  
The best of you I'll have to dinner,

And in a little space:  
The stranger made no meikle ado, hey, &c.

But bends a right good bow;  
The best buck in the herd he slew,

Forty good yards him fro'.  
Well shot, well shot, quoth Robin Hood, hey, &c.

That shot it was in time,  
And if thou wilt accept of the place,

Thou shalt be a yeoman of mine.  
Go play the chiven, the stranger said, hey, &c.

Make haste and quickly go,  
Or with my fist be sure of this,

I'll give thee buffets store.  
Buffet not me, quoth Robin Hood, hey, &c.

Although I am forlorn;  
Yet I have those will take my part,

If I but blow my horn.  
Wind not thy horn, the stranger said, hey, &c.

Be thou not in such haste,  
For I can draw a good broad sword,

And quickly cut thy blast.  
Then Robin bent a very good bow, hey, &c.

To shoot as he would fain;  
The stranger bent a very good bow,

To shoot bold Robin again,

O hold thy hand, quoth Robin Hood, hey, &c.  
 To shoot would be in vain,  
 For if we shoot one at the other,  
 One of us must be slain.  
 Let us take our swords and broad bucklers, hey, &c.  
 And gang under yon tree;  
 As I hope to be saved, the stranger said,  
 One foot I will not flee.  
 Then Robin lent the stranger a blow, hey, &c.  
 Almost scar'd him out of his wit:  
 Thou ne'er lent a blow, the stranger said,  
 That shall be better quit.  
 The stranger drew a good broad sword, hey, &c.  
 Hit Robin on the crown;  
 That from every hair of Robin's head,  
 The blood ran trickling down.  
 Crave mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood, hey,  
 And for this thou hast done;  
 Tell me, good fellow, now who thou art,  
 Tell me where thou dost won?  
 The stranger answered bold Robin Hood, hey, &c.  
 I'll tell thee where I dwell;  
 In Maxwell I was bred and born;  
 My name is young Gamwell;  
 For killing of my father's steward, hey, &c.  
 I'm forced to the English wood,  
 And for to seek an uncle of mine,  
 Some call him Robin Hood.  
 But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood's then, hey, &c.  
 The sooner we shall have done.  
 The stranger then said, As I hope to be sav'd,  
 I am his own sister's son.  
 But Lord! what a kissing and courting was there,  
 When these two cousins did meet; (hey, &c.)  
 And they went all that summer's day,  
 But little John did not meet:  
 But when they met with little John, hey, etc.  
 He there unto them did say,  
 O master, master, where have you been,  
 You have tarried so long away.

I met with a stranger said Robin Hood then, hey, etc.  
 Full fore hath he beaten me :  
 Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth little John,  
 And try if he can beat me.  
 O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then, hey, &c.  
 Little John, it may not be so,  
 For he is mine own dear sister's son,  
 And cousins I have no more :  
 But he shall be a yeoman of mine, hey, &c.  
 My chief man next unto thee ;  
 And I Robin Hood, and thou little John,  
 And Scarlet he shall be.  
 And we'll be three of as brave out-laws, hey, &c.  
 As are in the north country.  
 If thou wilt have more of Robin Hood,  
 In the second part it shall be.  
 Then bold Robin Hood to the north would go, hey,  
 With valour and meikle might ;  
 With sword by his side, which had oft been try'd,  
 To fight and recover his right.  
 The first that he met was a bonny bold Scot, hey, &c.  
 His servant he said he would be.  
 No, quoth Robin Hood, it cannot be good,  
 For thou'lt prove false unto me :  
 Thou hast not been true unto Sire nor Cuz, hey, &c.  
 Nay marry, the Scot he said,  
 As true as your heart, I will never part,  
 Good master, be not afraid.  
 Then Robin turned his face to the east, hey, &c.  
 Fight on my merry men stout ;  
 Our cause is good, quoth bold Robin Hood,  
 And we shall not be beaten out.  
 The battle grows hot on every side, hey, &c.  
 The Scotsman made a great moan ;  
 Quoth Jockey, Guid faith, they fight on each side,  
 Would I were with my wife Joan.  
 The enemy compass'd brave Robin about, hey, &c.  
 'Tis long ere the battle ends ;  
 They neither will yield, nor give up the field,  
 For both are supplied with friends.

This song it was made in Robin Hood's days, hey, &c.

Let us pray unto Jove above,  
To give true peace, that mischiefs may cease,  
And war may give place unto love.

*XII. Renowned Robin Hood; or, His famous archery truly related: With the worthy exploits he acted before Queen Catharine, he being an outlaw, and how he obtained of the king his own and followers pardons.*

**G**OLD taken from the king's harbingers,  
Down, a down, a down,

As seldom hath been seen,

Down, a down, a down.

And carried by bold Robin Hood,

For a present to the queen.

Down, a down, a down.

If I live one year to an end,

Thus did Queen Catharine say,

Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,

And all thy yeomen gay.

The queen is to her chamber gone,

As fast as she could wen;

She calls unto her lovely page,

Named Dick Patrington:

Come to me now, my lovely page,

Come thou hither to me,

For thou must go to Nottingham,

As fast as thou canst dree;

And as thou goest to Nottingham,

Search in each English wood;

Enquire of every good yeoman,

That can tell of Robin Hood.

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,

As fast as he could wen;

And when he came to Nottingham,

There he took up his inn,

He call'd for a bottle of Rhenish wine,

And drank a health to the queen.

There



There sat a woman by his side,  
 Tell me, sweet page, said she,  
 What is thy business, or the cause,  
 So far in the north country?  
 This is my business and my cause,  
 I will tell you for good,  
 To enquire of every good yeoman,  
 To tell me of Robin Hood.  
 I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,  
 Be it by break of day;  
 And I'll shew thee bold Robin Hood,  
 And all his yeomen gay.  
 When that he came to Robin Hood,  
 He fell down on his knee:  
 Queen Catharine she doth greet you well,  
 She greets you well by me:  
 She bids you post to London court,  
 Not fearing any thing;  
 For there will be a little sport,  
 So hath sent you her ring.  
 Robin took his mantle from his back,  
 It was of Lincoln-green,  
 And sent it by this lovely page,  
 A present to the queen.  
 In summer time when trees grew green,  
 It was a fine sight to see,  
 How Robin Hood himself was drest,  
 And all his yeomandree  
 He cloth'd his men in Lincoln-green,  
 Himself in scarlet red;  
 Black hats, white feathers, all alike,  
 And Robin Hood in red.  
 And when he came to London court,  
 He fell upon his knee;  
 Thou'rt welcome, Locksly, said the queen,  
 And all thy yeomandree.  
 The king is gone to Finsbury field,  
 Marching in battle array;  
 And after follows bold Robin Hood,  
 And all his yeomen gay.

Come

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,  
Bow bearer after me ;  
Come measure me out with this line,  
How long our mark shall be.  
What is the wager said the queen,  
That I must now know here,  
Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,  
Three hundred tun of beer,  
And three hundred of the fattest harts,  
That run on Dallon-lee.  
That's a princely wager, said the king,  
That I must needs tell thee.  
With that bespoke one Clifton then,  
Full quickly and full soon ;  
Measure no mark, my sovereign leige,  
We'll shoot at sun and moon.  
Full fifteen score our mark shall be,  
Full fifteen score I'll stand ;  
I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,  
I'll cleave the willow wand.  
The king's archers did lead about,  
Till it was three to none :  
The ladies then began to shout,  
Madam, your game is gone.  
A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cries,  
I beg it on my knee ;  
Is there ever a knight of your privy council,  
That on Queen Catharine's side will be ?  
Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good ;  
For I do know thy pedigree,  
Thou sprang from Gower's blood :  
Come hither, thou bishop of Hereford,  
For a noble priest you be.  
By my silver mitre, said the bishop then,  
I'll not bet one penny ;  
The king hath archers of his own,  
Full ready and full right,  
And these be strangers every one,  
No man knows where they bide.

What

What will you bet? said Robin Hood,  
 Thou see'st our game's the worse.  
 By my silver mitre, said the bishop then,  
 All the money within my purse.  
 What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,  
 Throw it down on the ground.  
 Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,  
 'Tis near an hundred pound.  
 Robin Hood took his bag from his side,  
 And threw it on the green.  
 Will. Scarlet he went smiling away,  
 I know who this money must win.  
 With that the king's archers led about,  
 While it was three and three;  
 With that the ladies gave a shout,  
 Woodcock, beware thy knee.  
 'Tis three and three now, said the king,  
 The next three pay for all:  
 Robin Hood went and whisper'd to the queen,  
 The king's part shall be but small.  
 Robin Hood he then led about,  
 He shot it under hand;  
 And Clifton with a bearing arrow,  
 He clove the willow wand;  
 And little Midge the miller's son,  
 He shot not much worse,  
 He shot within a finger of the prick;  
 Now, bishop, beware of thy purse.  
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cries,  
 I crave it on my bare knee;  
 That thou wilt be angry with none,  
 That is of my party.  
 They shall have forty days to come,  
 And forty days to go,  
 And three times forty to sport and play,  
 Then welcome friend or foe.  
 Thou'rt welcome, Robin Hood, said the queen,  
 And so is little John;  
 So's little Midge the miller's son,  
 Thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood, the king now said,  
 For it was told to me,  
 That he was slain in the palace-gate,  
 So far in the north country.  
 Is this Robin Hood, quoth the bishop then,  
 As it seems well to be?  
 Had I known it had been the bold out-law,  
 I would not have bet one penny;  
 He took me late on Saturday night,  
 And bound me fast to a tree.  
 And made me sing a mass (god wot)  
 To him and his yeomandree.  
 What if I did? says Robin Hood,  
 Of that mass I was full fain;  
 For recompence of that he says,  
 Here's half thy gold again.  
 Now nay, now nay, says little John,  
 Down, a down, a down,  
 Master, that may not be,  
 Down, a down, a down.  
 We must give gifts to the king's officers,  
 That gold will serve me and thee.  
 Down, a down, a down.

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*XIII. Robin Hood's chase; or, A merry progress  
 between Robin Hood and King Henry: How Ro-  
 bin Hood led the king a chase from Nottingham to  
 London; and when he had taken his leave of the  
 queen, he returned to merry Sherwood.*

To the tune of Robin Hood and the beggar.  
**C**OME, gallants all, to you I do call,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down,  
 That now are within this place;  
 For a song I will sing of Henry our king,  
 How he did Robin Hood chase:  
 Queen Catharine she a match did make, hey, &c.  
 As plainly doth appear,  
 For three hundred tun of good red wine,  
 And three hundred tun of beer:

And

And yet she had her archer to seek, hey, &c.

With bow and arrows so good ;

But her mind was bent, with a full intent,

To send for Robin Hood ;

But when bold Robin Hood he came there, hey, &c.

Queen Catharine she did say,

Thou art welcome, Locksly, to the queen,

And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made, hey, &c.

Thou on my side must be.

If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,

Then hanged I will be.

But when the game came to be play'd, hey, &c.

Bold Robin then drew nigh,

With his mantle of red, most rare to be had,

He let his arrows fly.

And when the court it ended was, hey, &c.

Bold Robin he won with grace ;

But after, the king was angry with him,

And vowed he would him chase :

What though his pardon granted was, hey, &c.

While he with them did stay ;

But yet the king was vexed at him,

When he was gone his way.

Then the king from the court did hie, hey, &c.

In a furious angry mood,

And often enquired both far and near,

After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came, hey, &c.

Robin Hood was in the wood ;

O come, said he, and let me see.

Who can find bold Robin Hood.

But when Robin Hood he did hear, hey, etc.

The king had him in chase :

Then said little John, 'tis time to be gone,

Unto some other place.

Then away they went from merry Sherwood, hey,

And to Yorkshire they hie :

And the king did follow, with a hoop and hollow,

But could not him come nigh :

Yet



Yet jolly Robin he passed along, hey, etc.  
And went straight to Newcastle town,  
And there they staid hours two or three,  
And then he for Berwick was gone.  
When the king he did see how Robin did flee, hey, etc.  
He was vexed wonderous sore :  
With a hoop and a hollow, he vowed to follow ;  
To take him, or never give o'er.  
Come let us away, then said little John, hey, etc.  
Let any man follow that dare :  
To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,  
And so then to Lancaster :  
From Lancaster then to Chester they went, hey, etc.  
And so did good King Henry ;  
But Robin away, for he durst not stay,  
For fear of some treachery.  
Says Robin come let us to London go, hey, etc.  
To see our noble Queen's face,  
It may be she wants our company,  
Which makes the king us so chafe.  
When Robin he came Queen Catharine before, hey,  
He fell upon his knee ;  
If it please your grace, I am come to this place,  
For to speak with King Henry.  
Queen Catharine she answered bold Robin again, hey,  
The king he is gone to Sherwood ;  
And when he went away, to me he did say,  
He would go and seek Robin Hood.  
Then fare you well, my gracious queen, hey, etc.  
To Sherwood I'll hie apace,  
For fain I would see, what he'd have with me,  
If I cou'd meet with his grace.  
But when King Henry he came home, hey, etc.  
Full weary and vexed in mind,  
And that he did hear Robin Hood had been there,  
He blam'd dame Fortune unkind.  
You are welcome home, Queen Catharine cry'd, hey,  
Henry, my sovereign liege ;  
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,  
Your person hath been to seek.

And when King Henry he did hear, hey, etc.

Robin Hood had him to seek ;

This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,

For I've sought him these three weeks.

A boon, a boon, Queen Catharine cry'd, hey, etc.

I beg it of your grace,

To pardon his life, and seek no more strife,

And so ends Robin Hood's chase.

XIV. *Robin Hood's golden prize : Shewing, how he robbed two priests of five hundred pounds.*

Tune of Robin Hood was a tall young man.

I Have heard talk of Robin Hood,

Derry, derry, down.

And of brave little John,

Of friar Tuck, and Will. Scarlet,

Locksly, and Maid-marion,

Hey down, derry, derry, down.

But such a tale as this before, derry, etc.

I think there never was known ;

For Robin Hood disguised himself,

And from the wood is gone. hey, etc.

Like to a friar, bold Robin Hood, derry, etc.

Was accoutered in his array ;

With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,

He pass'd along the way. hey, etc.

He had not gone miles two or three, derry, etc.

But he chanc'd to espy

Two lusty priests, clad all in black,

Come riding gallantly. hey, etc.

Benedicte, then said Robin Hood, derry, etc.

Some pity on me take ;

Cross you my hand with a single groat,

For our dear lady's sake. hey, etc.

For I have been wandering all this day, derry, etc.

And nothing could I get,

Not so much as one poor cup of drink,

Nor bit of bread to eat. hey, etc.

Now by our dame, the priest reply'd, derry, etc.

We never a penny have,

For this morning we have been robb'd,

And could no money save. hey, etc.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood, derry, etc.

That you both tell a lie;

And now, before you do go hence,

I am resolv'd to try. hey, etc.

When as the priests heard him say so, derry, etc.

Then they rode away with main;

But Robin Hood took him to his heels,

And soon overtook them again. hey, etc.

Then Robin Hood laid hold on them both, derry, etc.

And pull'd each down from his horse:

Oh! spare us, friar, the priests cry'd out,

On us have some remorse. hey, etc.

Ye said ye'd no money, quoth Robin Hood, derry, etc.

Wherefore without delay,

We three will fall down on our knees,

And for some money we'll pray. hey, etc.

The priests they could not now gain-say, derry, etc.

But down they kneel'd with speed;

Send us, oh! send us, then quoth they,

Some money to serve our need. hey, etc.

The priests did pray with mournful cheer, derry, etc.

Sometimes their hands did wring:

Sometimes they wept and wrung their hands,

Whilst Robin did merrily sing. hey, etc.

When they'd been praying an hour's space, derry,

The priests did still lament;

Then quoth Robin, now let's see,

What money heav'n hath us sent. hey, etc.

We will be sharers all alike, derry, etc.

Of money that we have;

And there is never one of us,

That his fellow shall deceive. hey, etc.

The priests their hands in their pockets put, derry,

But money could find none;

We'll search ourselves, said Robin Hood,

Each other one by one. hey, etc.

Then

etc. Then Robin Hood took pains to search them, derry,  
 And found good store of gold;  
 Five hundred pieces presently,  
 Upon the grass he told. hey, etc.  
 y, etc. Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood, derry, etc.  
 Such store of gold to see;  
 And each of you shall have a part,  
 'Cause you pray'd heartily. hey, etc.  
 etc. He gave them fifty pounds a piece, derry, etc.  
 And the rest for himself did keep;  
 The priests durst not speak one single word,  
 But they sigh'd wondrous deep. hey, etc.  
 y, etc. With that the priests rose from their knees, derry, etc.  
 Thinking to have parted so;  
 Nay stay, said Robin Hood, one thing more  
 I have to say e'er you go. hey, etc.  
 y, etc. You shall be sworn, said bold Robin Hood, derry, etc.  
 Upon this holy grass,  
 That you will never tell lies again,  
 Which way foe'er you pass. hey, etc.  
 y, etc. The second oath that you here must take, derry, etc.  
 That during all your lives,  
 You ne'er will tempt maids unto sin,  
 Nor lye with other men's wives. hey, etc.  
 y, etc. The last oath you shall take is this, derry, etc.  
 To be kind to the poor;  
 Say you have met a holy friar,  
 And I desire no more. hey, etc.  
 derry, He set them on their horses again, derry, etc.  
 And away then they did ride;  
 And he returned to the merry Green-wood,  
 With joy, mirth, and pride. hey, etc.

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XV. *Robin Hood's rescuing Will. Stutely, from  
 the Sheriff and his men, who had taken him pri-  
 soner, and were going to hang him.*

Tune is, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.

W H E N Robin Hood in the Green-wood stood,  
 Derry, derry, down.  
 Under the Green-wood tree,

Tidings there came to him with speed,  
 Tidings for certainty.  
 That Will. Stutely surprised was, derry, etc.  
 And eke in prison lay,  
 Three varlets which the king had kir'd,  
 Did likewise him betray.  
 Ay, and to-morrow hang'd must be, derry, etc.  
 To-morrow as soon as 'tis day;  
 But before they could this victory get,  
 Two of them Stutely did slay.  
 When Robin Hood he heard this news, derry, etc.  
 Oh! he was grieved fore;  
 He unto all his merry men said,  
 Who altogether swore,  
 That Will. Stutely should rescued be, derry, etc.  
 And so brought back again;  
 Or else would many a gallant wight,  
 For his sake there be slain.  
 He cloth'd himself in scarlet then, derry, etc.  
 His men were all in green;  
 A fairer sight throughout the world,  
 In no part could be seen.  
 Good Lord! it was a gallant sight, derry, etc.  
 To see them on a row,  
 With every man a good broad sword,  
 And eke a good yew bow,  
 Forth from the Green-wood they are gone, der. etc.  
 Yea all couragiously;  
 Resolving to bring Stutely home,  
 Or every man to die.  
 When they did come the castle near, derry, etc.  
 Wherein Will. Stutely lay;  
 I hold it good, said Robin Hood,  
 We'll hear in ambush stay.  
 And send one forth some news to hear, derry, etc.  
 To yonder palmer fair,  
 That stands under the castle-wall,  
 Some news he may declare.  
 With that steps forth a brave young man, derry, etc.  
 Who was of courage bold;

Thus



Thus he did to the old man say,  
 I pray thee, palmer old.  
 Tell me, if that thou rightly ken, derry, etc.  
 When must Will. Stutely die?  
 Who's one of bold Robin Hood's men,  
 And here doth prisoner lie.  
 Alas! alas! the palmer said, derry, etc.  
 And forever wo's me,  
 Will. Stutely hang'd must be this day,  
 On yonder gallows tree;  
 Oh! had his noble master known, derry, etc.  
 He would some succour send,  
 A few of his bold yeomandree,  
 Full soon would fetch him hence.  
 Ay, that is true, the young man said, derry, etc.  
 Ay, that is true, said he;  
 Or if they were near to this place,  
 They soon would set him free;  
 But fare ye well, thou good old man, derry, etc.  
 Farewel, and thanks to thee;  
 If Stutely hanged be this day,  
 Reveng'd his death shall be.  
 Just as he from the palmer went, derry, etc.  
 The gates were opened wide,  
 And from the castle Stutely came,  
 Guarded on every side.  
 When he was from the castle come, derry, etc.  
 And saw no help was nigh,  
 Thus said he to the sheriff,  
 Thus he said gallantly;  
 Now, seeing that I, at last must die, derry, etc.  
 Grant me one boon, says he,  
 My noble master never had man,  
 That yet was hang'd on tree;  
 Give me a sharp sword in my hand, derry, etc.  
 And let me be unbound,  
 And with thee and thy men I'll fight,  
 Till I die on the ground.  
 But this desire he would not grant, derry, etc.  
 His wishes were in vain;

The sheriff had sworn he hang'd should be,  
And not by sword be slain.  
Do but unbind my hands, he said, derry, etc.  
I will no weapons crave;  
And if I hanged be this day,  
Damnation let me have.  
Oh! no, oh! no, the sheriff said, derry, etc.  
On the gallows thou shalt die;  
Ay! and so shall thy proud master too,  
If in my power it lie.  
Oh! dastard coward, Stutely he cries, derry, etc.  
Faint hearted, peasant slave,  
If e'er my master do thee meet,  
Thou wilt thy payment have.  
My noble master thee doth scorn, derry, etc.  
And all thy cowardly crew;  
Such silly imps unable are  
Bold Robin to subdue.  
When he was to the gallows come, derry, etc.  
Ready to bid adieu,  
Out of a bush leapt little John,  
And slept Will. Stutely to.  
I pray thee Will. before you die, derry, etc.  
Of thy dear friends take leave;  
I needs must borrow him a while,  
How say you, master sheriff?  
Now as I live, the sheriff said, derry, etc.  
That varlet well I know:  
Some Sturdy rebel is that same,  
Therefore let him not go.  
With that little John, so hastily, derry, etc.  
Away cut Stutely's bands,  
And from one of the sheriff's men,  
A sword twitch'd from his hands.  
Here Will. take thou the same again, derry, etc.  
Thou canst it better sway;  
And here defend thyself from guile,  
For aid will come straight way.  
And then they turn'd them back to back, derry, etc.  
In the middle of the day,

Till Robin Hood approached near,  
 With many an archer gay.  
 With that an arrow by them flew, derry, etc.  
 I wist from Robin Hood :  
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff said,  
 Make haste, for it is good,  
 The sheriff is gone, his doubtful men, derry, etc.  
 Thought it no boot to stay ;  
 But as their master had them taught,  
 They ran full fast away.  
 O stay, O stay, Will. Stutely said, derry, etc.  
 Take leave ere you depart ;  
 You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,  
 Unless you dare him start.  
 Oh ! ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood, derry, etc.  
 That you so soon are gone,  
 My sword may in the scabbard rest,  
 For here our work is done.  
 I little thought, Will. Stutely said, derry, etc.  
 When I came to this place,  
 For to have met with little John,  
 Or seen my master's face.  
 Thus Stutely was at freedom set, derry, etc.  
 And safe brought back from his foe ;  
 O thanks, O thanks to my master,  
 Since here it was not so :  
 And once again, my brethren all, derry, etc.  
 Shall in the green woods meet,  
 Where we will make our bow-strings twang,  
 Music for us most sweet. hey down, etc.

---

XVI. *The noble fisherman : or, Robin Hood's preferment : Shewing how he won a prize on the sea, and how he gave one half to his dame, and the other half to the building of alms-houses.*

To the tune of In summer time, etc.

**I**N summer-time, when leaves grow green,  
 When they do grow both green and long,

Of

Of a bold out-law, call'd Robin Hood,  
It is of him I sing this song;  
When the lily-leaf, and coullip sweet,  
Do bud and spring with merry cheer,  
This out-law weary of the wood-side,  
And chafing of the fallow deer.  
The fishermen brave more money have,  
Than any merchant two or three;  
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,  
That I a fisherman may be.  
This out-law call'd his merry men all,  
As they sat under the Green-wood tree,  
If any of you have gold to spend,  
I pray you heartily spend with me.  
Quoth Robin, I'll to Scarborough go,  
It seems to be a very fair day;  
Who took up his inn in a widow woman's house,  
Hard by upon the waters so gay.  
Who ask'd at him where wast thou born,  
Or tell to me where thou dost fare?  
I'm a poor fisherman, said he then,  
This day all wrapt up in care.  
What is thy name, thou fine fellow,  
I pray thee heartily, tell to me?  
In my country where I was born,  
Men call me Simon over the Lee.  
Simon, Simon, said the good-wife,  
I wish thou may'st well brook thy name.  
The out-law was aware of her courtesie,  
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.  
Simon, wilt thou now be my man?  
And good round wages I'll give to thee,  
I have as good a ship of my own,  
As any that sails upon the sea:  
Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,  
Masts and ropes that are so long;  
And if that thou so furnish me,  
Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.  
They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,  
More than a day, or two, or three;

When

When others cast in their baited hooks,  
 The bare line into the sea cast he.  
 It will be long, said the master then,  
 Ere this great lubbert thrive on sea;  
 He shall have no part in our fish,  
 For in truth he is not part worthy.  
 O woe is me, said Simon then,  
 This day that ever I came here;  
 I wish I were in Plumpton-park,  
 A chasing of the fallow deer.  
 For every clown laughs me to scorn,  
 And by me sets nothing at all:  
 If I had them in Plumpton-park,  
 I would set as little by them all.  
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away they did sail,  
 More than a day, or two or three;  
 But Simon espy'd a ship of war,  
 That sail'd to them vigorously.  
 O woe is me, said the master then,  
 This day, that ever I was born;  
 For all the fish that I have got,  
 Is ev'ry bit lost and forlorn:  
 For those French robbers on the sea,  
 They will not spare, no, not one man,  
 But carry us to the coast of France,  
 And lay us in a prison strong.  
 But Simon said, do not fear them.  
 No, master, take you not any care;  
 Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare.  
 Hold thy peace then, thou long lubbert,  
 For thou art nought but brags and boast;  
 If I should throw thee over board,  
 There's but a simple looby lost.  
 Simon grew angry at these words,  
 And so fore anger'd then was he,  
 That he took his bent bow in his hand,  
 And to the ship-hatch goeth he.  
 Master, tie me fast to the mast,  
 That at my mark I may stand fair,

And



And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And ne'er a Frenchman will I spare.  
 He drew his arrow to the head,  
 And drew with all might and main,  
 And straight in the twinkling of an eye,  
 To a Frenchman's heart the arrow's gaen;  
 The Frenchman fell on the ship-hatch,  
 And under the hatches down below;  
 Another Frenchman that him espied,  
 The dead corps in the sea did throw.  
 Oh! loose me, loose me from the mast,  
 And for them all take you no care,  
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And never a Frenchman will I spare,  
 Then straight they boarded the French ship,  
 They lying all dead in their sight,  
 They found within the ship of war,  
 Twelve thousand pound in money bright.  
 One half of the ship, said Simon then,  
 I'll give my dame and children small,  
 The other half of the ship I'll give  
 To you that are my fellows all,  
 But now bespake the master then,  
 For so, Simon, it shall not be,  
 You have won it with your own hand,  
 And the owner of it you must be.  
 It shall be so as I have said,  
 And with this gold for the oppress'd,  
 An habitation I will build,  
 Where they shall live in peace and rest.

---

XVII. *Robin Hood's Fight; or, A merry combat  
 fought between Robin Hood, little John, and Will  
 Scarlet, and three stout keepers in Sherwood forest.*

To the tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catharine,  
**T**HERE's some will talk of lords and knights,  
 Down, a down, a down,  
 And some of yeomen good;

But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,  
 Little John and Robin Hood;  
 They were out-laws, as 'tis well known, down a, &c.  
 And men of noble blood;  
 And many a time their valour was shewn,  
 In the forest of merry Sherwood.  
 Upon a time it chanced so, down a, &c.  
 As fortune would have it be,  
 They all three would a walking go,  
 Some merry pastime for to see.  
 And as they walked the forest along, down a, &c.  
 Upon a midsummer day;  
 There were they aware of three foresters,  
 Clad all in green array;  
 With brave long falchions by their side, down a, &c.  
 And forest bills in their hand,  
 They call'd aloud to these out-laws,  
 And charged them to stand.  
 Why, who art thou, cry'd bold Robin, down a, &c.  
 That speaks so boldly here?  
 We three belong to King Henry,  
 And are keepers of his deer.  
 The Devil you are, said Robin Hood, down a, &c.  
 I am sure it is not so;  
 We be the keepers of this forest,  
 And that you soon shall know:  
 Your coats of green lay on the ground, down a, etc.  
 And so will we all three;  
 And take your swords and bucklers round,  
 And try the victory.  
 We be content, the keepers said, down a, etc.  
 We be three and no less,  
 Then why should we of you be afraid,  
 When we never did transgress;  
 If you be the keepers in this forest, down a, etc.  
 We be three rangers good:  
 And we'll make you know, before you go,  
 You met with bold Robin Hood.  
 We be content thou bold out-law, down a, etc.  
 Our valour here to try;

And

But

And we'll make you know, before you go,  
 We will fight before we fly.  
 Come draw your swords, you bold out-laws, down  
 No longer stand to prate, (a, etc.  
 But let us try it out with blows,  
 For cowards we do hate.  
 Here is one of us for Will, Scarlet, down a, etc.  
 And another for little John,  
 And I myself for Robin Hood,  
 Because he's so stout and strong.  
 So they fell to it full hard and sore, down a, etc.  
 It was on a mid-summer's day;  
 From eight o'clock till two and past,  
 They all showed gallant play:  
 There Robin and Will, and little John, down a, etc.  
 They fought full manfully;  
 Till all their wind was spent and gone,  
 Then Robin aloud did cry:  
 Oh! hold, Oh! hold, cries bold Robin, down a, etc.  
 I see you be stout men;  
 Let me blow on my bugle horn,  
 Then I'll fight you again.  
 That bargain is to make bold Robin, down a, etc.  
 Therefore we it deny,  
 Though a blast upon thy bugle horn,  
 Can't make us fight or fly.  
 Therefore fall on, or else be gone, down a, etc.  
 And yield to us the day;  
 It ne'er shall be said, that we were afraid  
 Of thee and thy yeomen gay.  
 If that be so, cries bold Robin Hood, down a, etc.  
 Let me but know your names,  
 And in the forest of merry Sherwood,  
 I will extol your fames.  
 And with our names one of them said, down a, etc.  
 What hast thou here to do?  
 Except thou wilt now fight it out,  
 Our names thou shalt not know.  
 We will fight no more, said bold Robin Hood, down  
 You be men of valour stout; (a, etc.  
 Come

Come and go with me to Nottingham,  
 And there we will fight it out.  
 With a but of sack we'll bang it about, down a, &c.  
 To see who wins the day;  
 And for the cost make you no doubt,  
 I've gold and money to pay:  
 And ever hereafter so long as we live, down a, &c.  
 We all will brethren be,  
 For I love those men with heart and hand,  
 That will fight and never flee.  
 So away they went to Nottingham, down a, &c.  
 With sack to make amends,  
 For three days space the wine did chase,  
 And drank themselves good friends.  
 Down, a down, a down.

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XVIII. *Robin Hood and the Beggar: How they fought and changed clothes. How he went a begging to Nottingham, and saved three brethren from the gallows for stealing of deer.*

To the tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.

**C**OME listen to me, you gentlemen all,  
 With a hey down, down, and a down.

That mirth do love for to hear,

And a story true I'll tell unto you,

If that you will but draw near.

In elder times when merriment were, hey, &c.

And archery holden good;

There was an out-law, as many do know,

Whom men call Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so, hey, &c.

Bold Robin was merry dispos'd,

His time to spend, he did intend,

Either with friends or foes.

Then he got up on a gallant steed, hey, &c.

Which was worth angels ten,

With a mantle of green, most rare to be seen,

He left all his brave merry men.

And riding towards fair Nottingham, hey, &c.  
 Some pastime for to 'spy,  
 There was he aware of a jolly beggar,  
 As e'er he beheld with his eye.  
 An old patch'd coat the beggar had on, hey, &c.  
 Which he daily us'd to wear,  
 And many a bag about him did wag,  
 Which made Robin to him repair.  
 Good speed, good speed, said Robin Hood then, hey,  
 What country man, tell unto me?  
 I am Yorkshire, Sir, but e'er you go far,  
 Some charity give unto me.  
 Why, what wouldst thou have, said Robin Hood then,  
 I pray thee tell unto me? (hey, &c.)  
 No land nor livings, the beggar he said,  
 But one penny for charity.  
 I have no money, said Robin Hood then, hey, &c.  
 But a ranger within the wood,  
 I am an out-law, as many do know,  
 My name it is Robin Hood.  
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar, hey, etc.  
 That a bout with thee I must try;  
 Thy coat of grey lay down I say,  
 And my mantle of green shall ly by.  
 Content, content, the beggar he cry'd, hey, &c.  
 Thy part shall be the worse,  
 For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,  
 And then I'll have at thy purse.  
 The beggar he had a meikle long staff, hey, etc.  
 And Robin had one nut-brown,  
 The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,  
 And gave him a knock on the crown.  
 Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then, hey, &c.  
 This game well pleaseth me;  
 For every blow that Robin did give,  
 The beggar gave buffets three.  
 And fighting there full hard and sore, hey, &c.  
 Not far from Nottingham town;  
 They never fled, till from Robin's head  
 The blood ran trickling down.



Oh! hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then, hey, &c.  
 And thou and I will agree;  
 If that be true, the beggar he said,  
 Thy mantle give unto me.  
 Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood, hey, &c.  
 Thy bags and coat give me,  
 And this mantle of mine, I'll to thee resign,  
 My horse and my bravery.  
 When Robin had got the beggar's clothes, hey, &c.  
 He looked round about;  
 Methinks, says he, I seem to be  
 A beggar both brave and stout.  
 For now I have a bag for my bread, hey, etc.  
 So have I another for corn;  
 I have one for salt, and another for malt,  
 And one for my bugle horn.  
 And now I will a begging go, hey, etc.  
 Some charity for to find;  
 And if any more of Robin you'd know,  
 In the second part 'tis behind.  
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone, hey, etc.  
 His bag hanging down to his knee;  
 His bag and his coat, scarce worth a groat,  
 Yet merrily passeth he.  
 As Robin he passed the street along, hey, etc.  
 He heard a pitiful cry;  
 Three brethren dear, as he did hear,  
 Condemned were to die.  
 Then Robin he hyed to the sheriff's gate, hey, etc.  
 Some relief for to seek;  
 He skip'd and leap'd and caper'd full high,  
 As he went along the street:  
 But when to the sheriff's door he came, hey, etc.  
 He met a man fine and brave;  
 Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me,  
 What is it that thou would'st have?  
 No meat nor drink said Robin Hood then, hey, etc.  
 Do I come here to crave,  
 But to beg the lives of yeomen three,  
 And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar, hey, etc.  
 Their facts are very clear;  
 I tell to thee, they hanged must be,  
 For stealing the king's deer  
 But when to the gallows they did come, hey, &c.  
 There was many a weeping eye.  
 Oh, hold your peace! said Robin then,  
 Certainly they must not die.  
 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth, hey, &c.  
 And blew out strong blasts three;  
 Till an hundred of bold archers brave,  
 Came kneeling on their knee.  
 What is your will, master? they said, hey, etc.  
 We are at your command  
 Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin then,  
 And look you spare no man.  
 Then they shot east, and they shot west, hey, &c.  
 Their arrows were so keen,  
 The sheriff, he and his company,  
 No longer must be seen.  
 Then he stept to these brethren three, hey, etc.  
 And away he has them ta'en;  
 But the sheriff was cross'd, and many a man lost,  
 That dead lay on the plain.  
 Away they went to the merry Green-wood, hey, &c.  
 And sung with a merry glee;  
 And Robin Hood took these brethren good,  
 To be of his yeomandree.

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XIX. *Robin Hood, Will. Scarlet, and little John;  
 or, A narrative of their victory obtained against  
 the prince of Arragon, and the two giants; and  
 how Will. Scarlet married the princess.*

Tune of Robin Hood, or, Hey down, down, a down.  
**N**OW Robin Hood, Scarlet, and little John,  
 Are walking over the plain,  
 With a good fat buck, which Will. Scarlet,  
 With his own bow had slain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,  
 The day it runs full fast;  
 For though my nephew me a breakfast gave,  
 I have not yet broke my fast  
 Then to yonder lodge let's take our way,  
 I think it wondrous good,  
 Where my nephew, by my bold yeomen,  
 Shall be welcome to the Green-wood.  
 With that he blew the bugle horn,  
 Full well he could it blow;  
 Straight from the woods came marching down,  
 One hundred tall fellows and moe.  
 Stand to your arms, cries Will. Scarlet,  
 Lo, the enemies are within ken;  
 With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,  
 Cries, they are my bold yeomen.  
 Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,  
 Cry'd Master, what is your will?  
 We thought you had in danger been,  
 Your horn did sound so shrill.  
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,  
 The danger's past and gone;  
 I'd have you to welcome my nephew here,  
 That hath paid me two for one.  
 In feasting and sporting they passed the day,  
 'Till Phœbus sunk into the deep;  
 Then each one to his quarters hy'd,  
 His guard therefore to keep.  
 Long had they not walked within the Green-wood,  
 But Robin Hood he soon espy'd,  
 A beautiful damsel jogging all alone,  
 That on a black palfrey did ride;  
 Her riding suit was of a fable-hue black,  
 And cyprus over her face,  
 Through which her rose like cheeks did blush,  
 All with a comely grace.  
 Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,  
 Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,  
 From whence thou comest, and whether thou goest,  
 All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,  
 From London upon the Thames,  
 Which circled is, 'tis a grief to tell,  
 Besieged with foreign arms :  
 By the proud prince of Arragon,  
 Who swears by his martial hand,  
 To have the princess to his spouse,  
 Or else to waste this land.  
 Except that champions can be found,  
 That dare fight three to three ;  
 Against the prince and giants twain,  
 Most horrid for to see :  
 Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,  
 Strike terror where they come,  
 With serpents hissing on their helms,  
 Instead of feather'd plume.  
 The princess shall be the victor's prize,  
 The king hath vow'd and said,  
 And he that shall the conquest won,  
 Shall have her to his bride.  
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad,  
 To the east, west, north, and south,  
 To try whose fortune is so good,  
 To find those champions forth.  
 But all in vain we sought them about,  
 Yet none so bold there are,  
 That dare adventure life and blood,  
 To free a lady fair.  
 When is the day, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Tell me this and no more ;  
 On midsummer next, the damsel said,  
 Which is June the twenty-four.  
 With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,  
 And silent was her tongue ;  
 With sighs and sobs she took her leave,  
 Away her palfrey sprung.  
 This news struck Robin to the heart,  
 He fell down on the grass ;  
 His action and his troubled mind,  
 Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where

Where lies your grief quoth Will Scarlet,  
 Oh! master, tell to me:  
 If the damsel's eyes hath pierc'd your heart,  
 I'll fetch her back to thee.  
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,  
 She doth not cause my smart;  
 But it is the poor distress'd princess,  
 That wounds me to the heart:  
 I will go fight the giants all,  
 To set the lady free;  
 De'il take my soul, quoth little John,  
 If I part with thy company.  
 Must I stay behind, quoth Will Scarlet,  
 No, no, that must not be;  
 I'll make the third man in the fight,  
 So we'll be three to three.  
 These words chear'd Robin at the heart,  
 Joy shone within his face;  
 Within his arms he hugg'd them both,  
 And kindly did embrace.  
 Quoth he, we'll put on motely grey,  
 With long staves in our hands,  
 A scrip and bottle by our sides,  
 As come from the holy lands:  
 So may we pass along the high-way,  
 None will ask whence we came;  
 But take us pilgrims for to be,  
 Or else some holy men.  
 Now are they on their journey gone,  
 As fast as they may speed;  
 Yet for all the haste, ere they arriv'd,  
 The princess forth was led,  
 To be deliver'd to the prince,  
 Who in the list did stand;  
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive,  
 His lady by the hand.  
 With that he walk'd about the list,  
 With giants by his side;  
 Bring forth, quoth he, your champions,  
 Or bring me forth my bride;

This



This is the four and twentieth day,  
The day prefix'd upon ;  
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,  
I swear by Acheron.  
Then cries the king and queen likewise,  
Both weeping as they spake ;  
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,  
Whom we're forc'd to forsake.  
With that stept out bold Robin Hood,  
Cries, My liege, no, not so ;  
Such beauty as the fair princess,  
Is not for tyrant's maw.  
The prince he then began to storm,  
Cries, Fool, fanatic, baboon.  
How dar'st thou stop my valour's prize ?  
I'll kill thee with a frown.  
Thou tyrant Turk, thou Infidel,  
Thus Robin did reply,  
Thy frowns I scorn, lo here's my gage,  
And thus I thee defy.  
And for these two Goliaths there,  
That stand on either side,  
Here are two little Davids by,  
That soon can tame their pride.  
Then did the king for armour send,  
For launces, swords, and shields ;  
And thus all three in armour bright,  
Came marching to the field.  
Trumpets began to found a charge,  
Each singled out his man ;  
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,  
Blood sprung from ev'ry vein.  
The prince he reach'd Robin a blow,  
He struck with might and main,  
Forc'd him to reel about the field,  
As though he had been slain.  
Crave mercy, quoth Robin for that blow,  
The quarrel shall soon be try'd :  
This stroke shall shew a fair divorce,  
Betwixt thee and thy bride.

Then

Then from his shoulders he cut his head,  
Which on the ground did fall,  
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood  
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage,  
To see their prince lie dead ;  
Thou wilt be the next, quoth little John,  
Except thou guard thy head,  
With that his falchion he wheel'd about,  
It was both keen and sharp,  
He clove the giant to the belt,  
And cut in twain his heart.

Will. Scarlet he well play'd his part,  
He brought the giant to his knee :  
Quoth Will 'The de'il can't break his fast,  
Unless he have all three :

So with his falchion he run him through,  
A deep and ghastly wound :  
Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,  
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the list with shouts was fill'd,  
The skies they did resound,  
Which brought the princess to herself,  
Who was fallen in a swoon.

The king and queen, and princess fair,  
Came walking to the place ;

And gave the champions many thanks,  
And did them further grace :

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,  
That thus disguised came ;

Whose valour speaks that noble blood,  
Which runs through every vein.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,  
On my knees I beg and crave ;

By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,  
Ask what, — and thou shalt have.

Pardon I beg for my merry men,  
Which are in the Green-wood,

For little John and Will Scarlet,  
And for bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood then? quoth the king,  
 For valour you have shewn,  
 Your pardons I do freely grant,  
 And welcome every one  
 The princess was the victor's prize,  
 She cannot have all three;  
 She shall chuse, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Saith little John, there's nought for me.  
 Then did the princess view all three,  
 With a sweet and lovely grace,  
 Who took Will Scarlet by the hand,  
 Said here I make my choice.  
 With that a noble Lord stept forth,  
 Of Maxfield earl was he;  
 Who look'd Will Scarlet in the face,  
 Then wept most bitterly;  
 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,  
 Whom I lov'd wond'rous well;  
 But he is gone, or rather dead,  
 His name is young Gamwell.  
 Then Will Scarlet fell on his knee,  
 Cries, Father, father, hear,  
 Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,  
 You said you lov'd so dear.  
 But oh! what embracing was there,  
 When all these friends were met;  
 They're gone to the wedding, and so to the bedding,  
 Thus I bid you a good night.

---

XX. *Little John and the four beggars; or, A merry song of Robin Hood and little John; shewing how little John went a begging, and of his fighting with four beggars, and what a prize he took from them.*

To the tune of Robin Hood and the beggar.

**A** L L you that delight to spend some time,  
 Hey, down, down, and a down,  
 A merry song for to sing;  
 Unto me draw near, and you shall hear,  
 How little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along, hey, &c.  
 And all his yeomandree;  
 Says Robin some of you must a begging go,  
 And little John it must be thee.  
 Says John, If I must a begging go, hey, &c.  
 I will have a palmer's weed;  
 With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts,  
 The better then shall I speed.  
 Come give me now a bag for my bread, hey, &c.  
 And another for my cheese;  
 And one for a penny, if I get any,  
 That I nothing may lose.  
 Now little John is a begging gone, hey, &c.  
 Seeking for some relief  
 But of all the beggars he met on the way,  
 Little John he was the chief.  
 But as he was walking all alone; hey, &c.  
 Four beggars he chanced to spy;  
 Some deaf, some blind, and some came behind,  
 Says John, here's brave company.  
 Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear, hey, &c.  
 Good fortune I had you to see;  
 Which way do you go? pray let me know,  
 For I want some company.  
 Oh! what's here to do? said little John, hey, &c.  
 Why rings these bells said he;  
 What dog is hanging, come let us be hanging,  
 That we the truth may see.  
 There is no dog hanging, one of them said, hey, &c.  
 Good fellow, I tell unto thee;  
 But here is one dead, that will give cheese and bread,  
 And it may be one single penny.  
 We have brethren in London, another he said, hey,  
 So have we in Coventry;  
 In Berwick and Dover and all the world over,  
 But ne'er a crooked carle like thee.  
 Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carle, hey,  
 And take that knock on the crown;  
 Nay said little John, I'll not yet begone,  
 For a bout I will have with you round.

Now

Now have at you all then said little John, hey, &c.  
If you be so full of blows ;  
Fight on all four, and ne'er give o'er,  
Whether you be friends or foes.  
John nipp'd the dumb and he made him to roar, hey,  
And the blind that could not see ;  
And he that had been a cripple seven years,  
He made him run faster than he.  
And flinging them all against the wall, hey, &c.  
With many a sturdy bang ;  
It made John to sing, to hear the gold ring,  
And against the wall cry twang.  
Then he got out of the beggar's cloak, hey, &c.  
Three hundred pounds in gold ;  
Good fortune had I, said little John,  
Such a good sight to behold.  
But what found he in the beggar's bags, hey, &c.  
But three hundred pounds and three ;  
If I drink water while this doth last,  
Then an ill death may I die.  
And my begging trade I will give o'er, hey, &c.  
My fortune hath been so good,  
Therefore I'll not stay, I will away  
To the forest of merry Sherwood.  
But when to the forest of Sherwood he came, hey,  
He quickly there did see  
His master good, bold Robin Hood,  
And all his company.  
What news, what news, said bold Robin Hood, hey,  
Come little John tell unto me ;  
How hast thou sped with thy beggar's trade,  
For that I fain would see ?  
No news but good, said little John, hey, &c.  
With begging full well have I sped ;  
Three hundred and three I have for thee,  
In silver and gold so red.  
Then Robin Hood took little John by the hand, hey,  
And danced about the oak-tree ;  
If we drink water while this doth last,  
Then an ill death may we die.



So to conclude my merry new song, hey, &c.

All you that delight to sing,  
'Tis of Robin Hood that archer good,  
And how little John went a begging.

XXI. *Robin Hood and the Ranger; or, true  
friendship after a fierce fight.*

To the tune of Arthur of Bland.

**W**HEN Phœbus had melted the circle of ice,  
With a hey down, down, derry down.  
And likewise the mountains of snow,  
Bold Robin Hood would ramble away,  
To frolic abroad with his bow.  
He left all his merry men waiting behind, hey, &c.  
Whilst through the green vallies he past;  
There he did behold a forester bold,  
Who cried out, Friend, whither so fast.  
I'm going to kill a fat buck, hey, etc.  
For me and my merry men all;  
Besides e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,  
Or else it shall cost me a fall.  
You'd best have a care, said the forester then, hey,  
For these are his majesty's deer:  
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,  
For I am head forester here.  
These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin I'm sure,  
My arrows I have let fly: (hey, etc.)  
Where freely I range, methinks it is strange,  
You should have more power than I.  
This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own, hey, etc.  
And so is the nimble deer too;  
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
I wont be affronted by you.  
The forester had a long quarter staff, hey, etc.  
Likewise a broad sword by his side;  
Without more ado he presently drew,  
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best, hey, etc.

Thus ne'er he would take any wrong,  
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,  
And they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave, hey, etc.

He made his broad weapon cry twang,  
'Twas over his head, he fell down for dead,  
Oh! that was a damnable bang.

But Robin he soon recovered himself, hey, etc.  
And bravely fell to it again;

The very next stroke their weapons they broke,  
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter-staff they resolved to play, hey, etc.

Because they would have the t'other bout:  
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,  
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him many hard blows, hey, etc.

The other returned them as fast;  
At every stroke their jackets did smoke,  
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew, hey, etc.  
And cudgell'd bold Robin so fore

That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,  
He cry'd, Let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess, hey,  
I never knew any so good;

Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,  
And range in the merry Green-wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love, hey, etc.  
For bravely thou'lt acted thy part;

That man that can fight, in him I delight,  
And love with all my whole heart.

Then Robin Hood set his brave horn to his mouth,  
A blast then he merrily blows; (hey, etc.)

His yeomen did hear, and soon did appear,  
An hundred with trusty long bows.

Now little John came at the head of them all, hey.  
Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;

And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,  
A delicate sight to be seen.

Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And thou shalt be one of the train; (hey, etc.)  
 A mantle and a bow, a quiver also,  
 I'll give them whom I entertain.  
 The forester willingly enter'd the list, hey, etc.  
 They were such a beautiful sight;  
 Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,  
 And made a rich supper that night.  
 What singing and dancing were in the Green-wood,  
 For joy of another new mate; (hey, etc.)  
 With mirth and delight, they spent the whole night,  
 And liv'd at a plentiful rate.  
 The forester ne'er was so merry before, hey, etc.  
 As then he was with the brave souls,  
 Who ne'er wou'd fail, in wine, beer, or ale,  
 To take off their cherishing bowls.  
 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green, hey,  
 Broad arrows and curious long bow,  
 This done the next day, so gallant and gay,  
 He marched them all on a row.  
 Quoth he, my brave yeomen, be true to your trust,  
 Hey down, derry, derry, down.  
 And then we may range the woods wide,  
 They all did declare and solemnly swear,  
 They'd conquer or die by his side.

---

XXII. *Robin Hood rescued the widows three sons  
 from the Sheriff, when going to be hanged.*

To the tune of In summer time, etc.  
**T**HERE are twelve months in all the year,  
 As I hear many men say,  
 But the merriest month in all the year,  
 Is the merry month of May.  
 Now Robin is to Nottingham gone,  
 With a link a down, down, and a day.  
 And there he met with a silly old woman,  
 Was weeping along the highway.  
 What news? what news? thou silly old woman,  
 What news hast thou to me?

Said she there's three squires in Nottingham town,  
To-day are condemn'd to die.  
Oh! have they parishes burnt, he said?  
Or have they ministers slain?  
Or have they robbed any virgin?  
Or with other mens' wives have lain?  
They have no parishes burnt, good Sir,  
Nor have they ministers slain;  
Nor have they robbed any virgin,  
Nor with other mens' wives have lain.  
Oh! what have they done, said bold Robin Hood,  
I pray thee tell to me:  
'Tis for slaying of the king's fallow deer,  
Bearing their long bows with thee.  
Dost thou not mind, old woman, he said,  
Since thou mad'st me sup and dine?  
By the truth of my body, bold Robin Hood,  
You could not tell it in better time.  
Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down, down, and a day,  
And there he met with a silly palmer,  
Was walking along the highway.  
What news? what news? thou silly palmer,  
What news? I do thee pray.  
Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town,  
Are condemn'd to die this day.  
Come change thy apparel with me old man,  
Come change thy apparel with mine;  
Here is forty shillings of good silver,  
Go drink it in beer and good wine.  
Oh! thine apparel is good he said,  
And mine is ragged and torn;  
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,  
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn.  
Come change thy apparel with me old churl,  
Come change thy apparel with mine:  
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,  
Go feast thy brethren with wine.  
Then he put on the old man's hat,  
It stood full high on the crown;

The first bold bargain that I come at,  
 It shall make thee come down.  
 Then he put on the old man's cloak,  
 Was patch'd black, blue, and red ;  
 He thought not shame all the day long,  
 To wear the poor bags of bread.  
 Then he put on the old man's breeks,  
 Were patch'd from ballop to side :  
 By the truth of my body, bold Robin did say,  
 This man lov'd little pride.  
 Then he put on the old man's hose,  
 Patch'd from knee to wrist ;  
 By the truth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,  
 I'd laugh if I had any list.  
 Then he put on the old man's shoes,  
 Patch'd beneath and aboon ;  
 Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
 'Tis good habit that makes a man.  
 Now Robin is unto Nottingham gone,  
 With a link a down, down, and a day,  
 And there he met the proud sheriff,  
 Was walking along the highway ;  
 Oh save ! oh save ! oh sheriff ! he said,  
 Oh save ! and may you see ;  
 And what will you give to a silly old man,  
 That to-day will your hangman be.  
 Some suits, some suits, the sheriff he said,  
 Some suits I'll give to thee ;  
 Some suits, some suits, and pence fourteen,  
 To-day is a hangman's fee.  
 Then Robin he turns him round about,  
 And jumps from stone to stone ;  
 By the truth of my body, the sheriff he said,  
 That's well jump't thou nimble old man.  
 I was never a hangman all my life,  
 Nor yet intends to trade :  
 But curst be he, said bold Robin,  
 That first a hangman was made.  
 I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,  
 A bag for barley and corn ;



A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,  
 And a bag for my little small horn.  
 I have a small horn now in my pocket,  
 I got from Robin Hood;  
 And still when I set it to my mouth,  
 For thee it blows little good.  
 Oh! wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,  
 Of thee I have no doubt:  
 I wish that thou give such a blast,  
 Till both thy eyes fly out.  
 The first loud blast that he did blow,  
 He blew both loud and shrill;  
 An hundred and fifty of Robin's men,  
 Came riding over the hill.  
 The next loud blast that he did give,  
 He blew both loud and amain,  
 And quickly sixty of Robin's men,  
 Came shining over the plain.  
 Oh! who are you, the sheriff he said,  
 Comes tripping over the lee?  
 They're my attendants, bold Robin did say,  
 They'll pay a visit to thee;  
 They took the gallows from the slack,  
 They set it in the glen;  
 They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,  
 And released their own three men.

---

**XXIII.** *Robin Hood and the valiant knight: Shewing how he had a fierce combat with the king's archers; and the cause of his death, and how his followers made their escape beyond the seas.*

To the tune of Robin Hood and the fifteen foresters.

**W**HEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,  
 Derry, derry, down,  
 Had reigned many years,  
 The king was then told, he had been too bold  
 To his bishops and noble peers.  
 Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore

Therefore he call'd a council of state, derry, etc.

To know what was best to be done,  
For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd,  
The land would be over-run. hey, etc.

Having consulted a whole summer's day, derry, etc.

At length it was agreed,  
That one should be sent, to try the event,  
And fetch him away with speed. hey, etc.

Therefore a trusty and most worthy knight, der. etc.

The king was pleased to call,  
Sir William by name, when to him he came,  
He told him his pleasure and all, hey, etc.

Go then from hence to bold Robin Hood, derry, etc.

And bid him without more ado  
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf,  
Shall suffer with all his bold crew, hey, etc.

Take here an hundred good bowmen brave, der. etc.

All chosen men of great might,  
Of excellent art, for to take thy own part,  
In glittering armour most bright. hey, etc.

Then said the knight, My sovereign liege, derry, etc.

By me they shall be led;  
I'll venture my blood, against bold Robin Hood,  
And bring him alive or dead. hey, etc.

One hundred men were chosen straight, derry, etc.

As proper as e'er man saw;  
On mid-summer day, they marched away,  
To conquer that brave out-law. hey, etc.

With long yew-bows, and with shining spears, der.

They marched with meikle pride,  
And never delay'd, nor halted nor stay'd,

Till they came at the Green-wood side. hey, etc.

Said he to his archers, Tarry here, derry, etc.

Your bows make ready and all,  
That if-need should be, you may follow me,  
And see now you observe my call. hey, etc.

I'll go in person he cry'd, derry, etc.

With the letters of my good king,  
Both sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,  
We need not draw one string. hey, etc.

He

He wander'd about, till at length he came, der. etc.  
To the tent of Robin Hood ;  
The letter he shews, bold Robin arose,  
And there on his guard he stood. hey, &c.  
They'd have me surrender, quoth Robin Hood, derry,  
And lie at their mercy then ;  
But tell them from me, that never shall be,  
While I have seven-score men. hey, etc.  
Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold, der. etc.  
He offer'd to seize him there ;  
Which William Loxley by fortune did see,  
And bade him that trick forbear. hey, etc.  
Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth, der. etc.  
And blew a blast or twain ;  
And so did the knight, at which there in sight,  
The archers came all amain. hey, etc.  
Sir William with care he drew up his men, derry, etc.  
And plac'd them in battle array ;  
Bold Robin we find, he was not behind,  
Now this was a sad bloody fray. hey, etc.  
The archers on both sides bent their bows, derry, etc.  
And the cloud of arrows flew ;  
The very first flight, that honoured knight,  
Did bid the world adieu. hey, &c.  
Yet nevertheless their fight did last, derry, &c.  
From morning 'till almost noon ;  
Both parties are stout, and loath to give out ;  
This was on the last day of June: hey, &c.  
At length they left off, the party went, derry, &c.  
To London with a right good-will ;  
And Robin Hood he to the Green-wood tree,  
And there he was taken ill. hey, &c.  
And sent for a monk who let him blood, derry, etc.  
And took his life away ;  
Now this being done, his archers they run,  
It was not time to stay. hey, etc.  
Some got on board and cross'd the seas, derry, etc.  
To Flanders, France and Spain,  
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,  
But soon returned again. hey down, derry, etc.

XXIV. *Robin Hood's death and burial: Shewing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his cousin at Kirkly-hall, in Yorkshire, who let him blood, which was the cause of his death.*

Tune of Robin Hood's last farewell, etc.

**W**HEN Robin Hood and little John,  
Down a down, a down, a down.

Went o'er yon bank of broom.

Said Robin Hood bold, to little John,

We have shot for many a pound, hey, etc.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more, down a, etc.

My broad arrows will not fly ;

But I have a cousin lives down below,

Please God she will bleed me. hey, etc.

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkly gone, down a, etc.

As fast as he can win ;

But before he came there, as we do hear,

He was taken very ill. hey, etc.

And when he came to fair Kirkly-hall, down a, etc.

He knock'd all at the ring ;

But none was so ready as his cousin herself,

For to let bold Robin in. hey, etc.

Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin, she said,

And drink some beer with me ? (down a, etc.)

No, I will neither eat nor drink,

Till I am blooded by thee. hey, etc.

Well I have a room, cousin Robin she said, down a,

Which you did never see,

And if you please to walk therein,

You blooded by me shall be. hey, etc.

She took him by the lily white hand, down a, etc.

And led him to a private room ;

And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,

While one drop of blood would run down, hey, etc.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm, down a, etc.

And locked him up in the room,

Then did he bleed all the live-long day,

Until the next day at noon. hey, etc.

He

He then bethought him of a casement there, down  
 Thinking for to get down; (a, etc.  
 He was so weak he could not leap,  
 He could not get him down. hey, etc.  
 He then bethought him of his bugle horn, down  
 Which hung low down to his knee; (a, etc.  
 He set his horn unto his mouth,  
 And blew out weak blasts three. hey, etc.  
 Then little John, when hearing him, down a, etc.  
 As he sat under a tree;  
 I fear my master is now near dead,  
 He blows so wearily. hey, etc.  
 Then little John to fair Kirkly is gone, down a, etc.  
 As fast as he can dree;  
 But when he came to Kirkly-hall,  
 He broke locks two or three. hey, etc.  
 Until he came bold Robin to see, down a, etc.  
 Then he fell on his knee;  
 A boon, a boon, cries little John,  
 Master, I beg of thee. hey, etc.  
 What is that boon, said Robin Hood, down a, etc.  
 Little John begs of me?  
 It is to burn fair Kirkly-hall,  
 And all their nunnery. hey, etc.  
 —Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood, down a, etc.  
 That boon I'll not grant thee;  
 I never burnt women in all my life,  
 Nor men in woman's company: hey, etc.  
 I never hurt fair maid in all my time, down a, etc.  
 Nor at mine end shall it be;  
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee. hey, etc.  
 And where this arrow is taken up, down a, etc.  
 There shall my grave digged be;  
 Lay me a green sod under my head,  
 And another at my feet: hey, etc.  
 And lay my bent bow by my side, down a, etc.  
 Which was my music sweet;  
 And make my grave of gravel and green,  
 Which is most right and meet.



Let me have length and breadth enough, down a, etc.  
 With a green sod under my head,  
 That they may say, when I am dead;  
 Here lies bold Robin Hood. hey, etc.  
 These words they readily granted him, down a, etc.  
 Which did bold Robin please;  
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
 Within the fair Kirkly. hey, etc.  
 Thus he that never fear'd bow nor spear, down a, etc.,  
 Was murder'd by letting blood;  
 And so, loving friends, the story it ends,  
 Of valiant Robin Hood. hey, etc.  
 There's nothing remains but his Epitaph now,  
 Down a down, a down, a down.  
 Which, reader, here you have,  
 To this very day, which read you may,  
 As it is upon his grave.  
 Hey down, a derry, derry down.

\*\*\*\*\*

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH, set on his  
 Tomb, by the Prioress of Kirkly monastery  
 in Yorkshire.

**R**OBERT Earl of Huntington,  
 Lies under this little stone,  
 No archer was like him so good,  
 His wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD:  
 Full thirteen years, and something more,  
 These northern parts he vexed sore:  
 Such out-laws as he and his men,  
 May England never know again.

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